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[John Ruskin]

FORS CLAVIGERA:

Letters to the workmen and labourers
— of Great Britain.

(Title from biblig. by Wise & Smart)

LETTER LXXXI.

BRANTWOOD, 13th August, 1877.

THE Thirteenth,—and not a word yet from any of my lady-friends in defence of themselves! Are they going to be as mute as the Bishops?

But I have a delightful little note from the young lady whose praise of my goodness I permitted myself to quote in the last article of my August correspondence,—delightful in several ways, but chiefly because she has done, like a good girl, what she was asked to do, and told me the “wicked things that people say.”

“They say you are ‘unreasoning,’ ‘intolerably conceited,’ ‘self-asserting;’ that you write about what you have no knowledge of (Politic. Econ.); and two or three have positively asserted, and tried to persuade me, that you are mad—really mad!! They make me so angry, I don’t know what to do with myself.”

The first thing to be done with yourself, I should say,

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my dear, is to find out *why* you are angry. You would not be so, unless you clearly saw that all these sayings were malignant sayings, and come from people who would be very thankful if I *were* mad, or if they could find any other excuse for not doing as I bid, and as they are determined not to do. But suppose, instead of letting them make you angry, you serenely ask them what I have said that is wrong; and make them, if they are persons with any pretence to education, specify any article of my teaching, on any subject, which they think false, and give you their reason for thinking it so. Then if you cannot answer their objection yourself, send it to *me*.

You will not, however, find many of the objectors able, and it may be long before you find *one* willing, to do anything of this kind. For indeed, my dear, it is precisely because I am not self-asserting, and because the message that I have brought is not mine, that they are thus malignant against me for bringing it. "For this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." Take your first epistle of St. John, and read on from that eleventh verse to the end of the third chapter: and do not wonder, or be angry any more, that "if they have called the Master of the house, Baalzebub, they call also those of his household."

I do not know what Christians generally make of that first epistle of John. As far as I notice, they

usually read only from the eighth verse of the first chapter to the second of the second; and remain convinced that they may do whatever they like all their lives long, and have everything made smooth by Christ. And even of the poor fragment they choose to read, they miss out always the first words of the second chapter, "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin *not*:" still less do they ever set against their favourite verse of absolution—"If any man sin, he hath an Advocate,"—the tremendous eighth verse of the third chapter, "He that committeth sin is of the Devil, for the Devil sinneth from the beginning," with its before and after context—"Little children, let no man deceive you: he that *doeth* righteousness is righteous;" and "whosoever *doeth* not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother."

But whatever modern Christians and their clergy choose to make of this epistle, there is no excuse for any rational person, who reads it carefully from beginning to end, and yet pretends to misunderstand its words. However originally confused, however afterwards interpolated or miscopied, the message of it remains clear in its three divisions: (1) That the Son of God is come in the flesh, (chap. iv. 2, v. 20, and so throughout); (2) That He hath given us understanding, that we may know Him that is true, (iii. 19, iv. 13, v. 19, 20); and (3) that in this understanding we know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the

brethren, (iii. 14). All which teachings have so passed from deed and truth into mere monotony of unbelieved phrase, that no English now is literal enough to bring the force of them home to my readers' minds. 'Are these, then, your sisters?' I asked of our fair English-women concerning those two furnace-labourers. They do not answer,—or would answer, I suppose, 'Our sisters in God, certainly,' meaning thereby that they were not at all sisters in Humanity; and denying wholly that Christ, and the Sisterhood of Christendom, had "come in the Flesh."

Nay, the farthest advanced of the believers in Him are yet so misguided as to separate themselves into costumed 'Sisterhoods,' as if these were less their sisters who had forge-aprons only for costume, and no crosses hung round their necks.

But the fact is assuredly this,—that if any part or word of Christianity be true, the literal Brotherhood in Christ is true, in the Flesh as in the Spirit; and that we are bound, every one of us, by the same laws of kindness to every Christian man and woman, as to the immediate members of our own households.

And, therefore, we are bound to know who are Christians, and who are not,—and the test of such division having been made verbal, in defiance of Christ's plainest orders, the entire body of Christ has been corrupted into such disease, that there is no soundness in it, but only wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.

Look back to Fors for January 1876, pp. 7—9. How is it that no human being has answered me a word to the charge closing the ninth page? "You who never sowed a grain of corn, never spun a yard of thread, devour and waste to your fill, and think yourselves better creatures of God, doubtless, than this poor starved wretch." No one has sent me answer; but see what terrific confirmation came to me, in that letter from a good, wise, and Christian man, which I printed in last Fors, who nevertheless is so deceived by the fiends concerning the whole method of division between his own class and the poor brethren, that he looks on all his rich brethren as seed of Abel, and on all his poor brethren as seed of Cain, and conceives nothing better of the labourer but that he is in his nature a murderer. "He will tear your pretty lady in pieces, and think he is doing God service." When was there ever before, in the human world, such fearful Despising of the Poor?*

These things are too hard for me; but at least, as now the days shorten to the close of the seventh year, I will make this message, so far as I have yet been able to deliver it, clearly gatherable. Only, perhaps, to do so, I must deliver it again in other and gentler terms. It cannot be fully given but in the

* Compare Fors LXI., page 36: "Here, the sneer of 'those low shoe-makers' is for ever on the lip," and the answer of the sweet lady at Furness, November 1871, page 4.

complete life and sifted writings of St. John, promised for the end of our code of foundational Scripture, (Fors, January 1876, p. 2, and compare July, pp. 215, 216,)—nevertheless it may be that the rough or brief words in which it has already been given, (January 1876, pp. 11 and 24; February, pp. 43 and 49; March, p. 85; April, p. 113; and, of chief importance, July, pp. 211 and 222,) have been too rough, or too strange, to be patiently received, or in their right bearing understood: and that it may be now needful for me to cease from such manner of speaking, and try to win men to this total service of Love by praise of their partial service. Which change I have for some time thought upon, and this following letter,*—which, being a model of gentleness, has exemplary weight with me myself,—expresses better than I could without its help, what I suppose may be the lesson I have to learn.

“MANCHESTER, *July 25th*, 1877.

“My dear Sir,—I have long felt that I ought to write to you about ‘Fors Clavigera,’ and others of your later books. I hesitated to write, but all that I have heard from people who love you, and who are wise enough and true enough to be helped by you, and all that I have thought in the last few years about your books,—

* This letter is by the author of the excellent notes on Art-Education in the July number of *Fors*, of which a continuation will be found in the correspondence of this month.

and I have thought much about them,—convinces me that my wish is right, and my hesitation wrong. For I cannot doubt that there are not very many men who try harder to be helped by you than I do. I should not wish to write if I did not know that most of the work which you are striving to get done, ought to be done, and if I did not see that many of the means which you say ought to be used for doing it, are right means. My dulness of mind, because I am not altogether stupid, and my illness, because I do not let it weaken my will to do right, have taught me some things which you cannot know, just because you have genius and mental vigour which give you knowledge and wisdom which I cannot hope to share.

“May I not try to make my humble knowledge of the people, through whom alone you can act,* aid your high knowledge of what has to be done?

“Since, eight or nine years ago, I read ‘Sesame and Lilies,’ I have had the reverence and love for you which one feels only for the men who speak in clear words the commands which one’s own nature has before spoken less clearly. And I say without self-conceit that I am trying to do the best work that I know of. It could not then be quite useless that you should know why I often put down ‘Fors’ and your other books in despair, and

* Herein lies my correspondent’s chief mistake. I have neither intention, nor hope, of acting through any of the people of whom he speaks; but, if at all, with others of whom I suppose myself to know more,—not less,—than he.

why I often feel that, in being so impatient with men whose training has been so different from yours, and who are what they are only partly by their own fault ; —in forgetting that still it is true of most sinners that ‘they know not what they do ;’ and in choosing some of the means which you do choose for gaining a good object, you are making a ‘refusal’ almost greater than can be made by any other man, in choosing to work for evil rather than for good.

“May I show you that sometimes ‘Fors’ wounds me, not because I am sinful, but because I know that the men whom you are scourging for sin, are so, only because they have not had the training, the help, which has freed you and me from that sin ?

“If I were a soldier in a small army led by you against a powerful foe, would it not be my duty to tell you if words or acts of yours weakened our courage and prevented other men from joining your standard ? I ask you to let me tell you, in the same spirit, of the effect of your words in ‘Fors.’

“You do not know, dear Mr. Ruskin, what power for good you would have, if you would see that to you much light has been given in order that through you other men may see. You speak in anger and despair because they show that they greatly need that which it is your highest duty to patiently give them.

“Pardon me if all that I have written seems to you to be only weak.

"I have written it because I know," from the strong effect of the praise which you gave my letter in the July 'Fors,' and of the kind words in your note, that in no other way can I hope to do so much good as I should do, if anything I could say should lead you to try to be, not the leader of men entirely good and wise, free from all human weakness, but the leader, for every man and woman in England, of the goodness and wisdom which are in them, in the hard fight they have to wage against what in them is bad and foolish.

"I am, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours very truly."

This letter, I repeat, seems to me deserving of my most grave respect and consideration ;* but its writer has entirely ignored the first fact respecting myself, stated in Fors at its outset—that I do not, and cannot, set myself up for a political leader ; but that *my* business is to teach art, in Oxford and elsewhere ;—that if any persons trust me enough to *obey* me without scruple or debate, I can securely tell them what to do, up to a certain point, and be their 'makeshift Master' till they can find a better ; but that I

* The following passage in a more recent note adds to this feeling on my part, and necessitates the fulness of my reply :—

"I feel so sure that what I said in my first letter very many people who love you would say,—have said inaudibly,—that the words hardly seem any longer to be mine. It was given to me to speak for many. So if you think the words printed can be of any use, they are of course entirely at your service."

entirely decline any manner of political action which shall hinder me from drawing leaves and flowers.

And there is another condition, relative to this first one, in the writing of *Fors*, which my friend and those others who love me, for whom he speaks, have never enough observed : namely, that *Fors* *is a letter*, and written as a letter should be written, frankly, and as the mood, or topic, chances ; so far as I finish and retouch it, which of late I have done more and more, it ceases to be what it should be, and becomes a serious treatise, which I never meant to undertake. True, the play of it, (and much of it is a kind of bitter play,) has always, as I told you before, as stern final purpose as Morgiana's dance ; but the gesture of the moment must be as the humour takes me.

But this farther answer I must make, to my wounded friends, more gravely. Though, in *Fors*, I write what first comes into my head or heart, so long as it is true, I write no syllable, even at the hottest, without weighing the truth of it in balance accurate to the estimation of a hair. The language which seems to you exaggerated, and which it may be, therefore, inexpedient that I should continue, nevertheless expresses, in its earnestness, facts which you will find to be irrefragably true, and which no other than such forceful expression could truly reach, whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear.

Therefore *Fors Clavigera* is not, in any wise, intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind,

but it is the assertion of the code of Eternal Laws which the public mind *must* eventually submit itself to, or die; and I have really no more to do with the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the modern England which I have to warn of the accelerated approach either of Revolution or Destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifying amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthrow he was ordered to foretell in forty days. That I should rejoice, instead of mourning, over the falseness of such prophecy, does not at all make it at present less passionate in tone.

For instance, you have been telling me what a beloved Bishop you have got in Manchester; and so, when it was said, in page 45 of *Fors* for 1876, that "it is merely *through the quite bestial ignorance of the Moral Law* in which the English Bishops have contentedly allowed their flocks to be brought up, that any of the modern conditions of trade are possible,"* you thought perhaps the word 'bestial' inconsiderate! But it was the most carefully considered and accurately true epithet I could use. If you will look back to the 208th page of *Fors* of 1874, you will find the following sentence quoted from the Secretary's speech at the meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow in that year. It was unadvisably allowed by me to remain in small print: it shall have large type now, being a sentence which, in the monumental vileness of it, ought to be blazoned, in letters

of stinking gas-fire, over the condemned cells of every felon's prison in Europe:—

“MAN HAS THEREFORE BEEN DEFINED AS AN ANIMAL THAT EXCHANGES. IT WILL BE SEEN, HOWEVER, THAT HE NOT ONLY EXCHANGES, BUT FROM THE FACT OF HIS BELONGING, IN PART, TO THE ORDER CARNIVORA, THAT HE ALSO INHERITS TO A CONSIDERABLE DEGREE THE DESIRE TO POSSESS WITHOUT EXCHANGING ; OR, IN OTHER WORDS, BY FRAUD OR VIOLENCE, WHEN SUCH CAN BE USED FOR HIS OWN ADVANTAGE, WITHOUT DANGER TO HIMSELF.”

Now, it is not at all my business, nor my gift, to ‘lead’ the people who utter, or listen to, this kind of talk, to better things. I have no hope for them,—any quantity of pity you please, as I have also for wasps, and puff-adders :—but not the least expectation of ever being able to do them any good. My business is simply to state in accurate, not violent, terms, the nature of their minds, which they themselves (“out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant”) assert to be ‘bestial,’—to show the fulfilment, in them, of the words of prophecy: “What they know naturally, as brute-beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves,”—and to fasten down their sayings in a sure place, for eternal scorn, driving them into the earth they are born of, as with Jael's hammer. And this I have held for an entirely stern duty, and if it seems to have been ever done in uncharitable contempt, my friends should remember how much, in the doing of it,

I have been forced to read the writings of men whose natural stupidity is enhanced always by their settled purpose of maintaining the interests of Fraud and Force,* (see *Fors* of January 1877, page 5, line 18), into such frightful conditions of cretinism, that having any business with them and their talk is to me exactly as if all the slavering Swiss populace of the high-air-cure establishment at Interlaken had been let loose into my study at once. The piece of Bastiat, for instance, with analysis of which I began *Fors* seven years ago,—what can you put beside it of modern trade-literature, for stupidity, set off with dull cunning?—or this, which in good time has been sent me by *Fors*, (perhaps for a coping-stone of all that I need quote from these men, that so I may end the work of nailing down scarecrows of idiotic soul, and be left free to drive home the fastenings of sacred law)—what can you put beside *this*, for blasphemy, among all the outcries of the low-foreheaded and long-tongued races of demented men?—

“HAD MANKIND GIVEN OBEDIENCE TO THAT PROHIBITION,† THE RACE WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. FOR WITHOUT INTEREST THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL IS IMPOSSIBLE, WITHOUT CAPITAL THERE CAN BE NO

* That is to say, the “framework of Society.” It is a perfectly conscientious feeling on their part. “We will reason as far as we can, without saying anything that shall involve any danger to “property.”

† The Prohibition of Usury.

CO-OPERATION OF ANTERIOR AND PRESENT LABOUR, WITHOUT THIS CO-OPERATION THERE CAN BE NO SOCIETY, AND WITHOUT SOCIETY MAN CANNOT EXIST." (Bastiat, "Harmonies of Political Economy," vol. ii., page 165. English edition.)

With this passage, and some farther and final pushing home of my challenge to the Bishops of England, which must be done, assuredly, in no unseemly temper or haste,—it seems probable to me that the accusing work of *Fors* may close. Yet I have to think of others of its readers, before so determining, of whom one writes to me this month, in good time, as follows :—

"In reading the last (June) '*Fors*,' I see—oh, so sorrowfully!—that you have been pained by hearing 'complaints' that should never have been felt—much less spoken, and least of all for you to hear. It is bad enough for those who love every word of your teaching to find '*Fors*' mis-read. But I for one feel it to be just unpardonable that anything so mistaken should reach you as to lead you to think you are 'multiplying words in vain.'

"'In vain'?—Dearest Master, surely, surely you know that far and near, many true hearts (who—known or unknown to you—call you by that sacred name) watch hungrily for the coming of your monthly letter, and find it Bread, and Light.

"Believe me, if the 'well-to-do'—who have never felt the consequences of the evils you seek to cure—

'can't understand' you, there are those who can, and do.

"Perhaps, for instance, your 'well-to-do friends,' who can get any fruit they wish for, in season or out of season, from their own garden or hothouse, may think the 'Mother Law' of Venice about Fruit only beautiful and interesting from an antiquarian point of view, and not as having any practical value for English people to-day : but suppose that one of them could step so far down as to *be* one of 'the *poor*' (*not* 'the working' classes) in our own large towns—and so living, to suffer a fever, when fruit is a necessity, and find, as I have done, that the price of even the commonest kinds made it just impossible for the very poor to buy it—would not he or she, after such an experience, look on the matter as one, not only of personal but of wide importance? I begin to think it is only through their own need, that ordinary people know the needs of others. Thus, if a man and his wife living, with no family, on say ten shillings per week, find that in a town they can't afford to buy, and can get no garden in which to grow fruit—they will know at once that their neighbours who on the same sum must bring up half a dozen children, will have to do without vegetables as well as fruit ; and having felt the consequences of their own privation, they will know that the children will soon—probably—suffer with skin and other diseases, so serious as to make them ask, *why* are fruit and vege-

tables so much scarcer and dearer than they were when we were children? And once any one begins to honestly puzzle out that, and similar questions (as I tried to do before 'Fors' was given us), they will be, I know, beyond all telling, thankful for the guidance of 'Fors,' and quite ready to 'understand' it.

"Ah me! if only the 'well-to-do' would *really* try to find an answer, only to the seemingly simple question asked above, I would have more hope than now for the next generation of 'the lower classes.' For they would find that dear vegetables means semi-starvation to countless poor families. One of the first facts I learnt when I came here was,—'Poor folks' children don't get much to eat all winter but bread and potatoes.' Yet, last October, I one day gave twopence for three ordinary potatoes; and, all winter, could buy no really good ones. Under such conditions, many children, and infirm and sick people, could be but half fed; and half-fed children mean feeble, undersized, diseased men and women, who will become fathers and mothers of sickly children,—and where will the calamity end? Surely the 'food supply' of the people *is* every one's business. ('That can't concern you, my dear,' is the putting down we women get, you know, if we ask the 'why?' of a wrong to other people.) I can't, when I hear of sickly children, but ask, very sadly, what kind of workmen and soldiers and sailors will they and their children be in another century?

"You will think I am looking a long way forward; yet if one begins only to puzzle out this question (the scarcity of fruit and vegetables), they will find it takes them back, far away from towns, far off the 'very poor,' until they come to the beginning of the mischief, as you show us; and then the well-to-do will find they *have* had much to do with the question, and find too a meaning in the oft-read words, 'We are every one members one of another.'

"There, I fear I'm very rude, but I'm not a little angry when people who are blind say there is no light to see by. I've written so much, that I'm now afraid I shall tire you too much; but I do so want to tell you what I feel now, even more than when I began—no words *can* tell you—*how* close, and true, and tried a friend 'Fors' is.

"Last winter there was great distress in this town. Many persons were thrown out of employment because there was 'great depression in the shoe trade:' of course among some classes there was great suffering. Yet, with children literally starving because their fathers could get no work to do, all the winter through, and up to the present time, a 'traction engine' (I think they call it) was at work levelling, etc., the streets, and a machine brush swept them,—past the very door of a house where there was a family of little children starving. 'They have pawned about everything in the house but the few clothes they have on, and have had no food since

yesterday morning,' I was told on *Christmas Day*. All the winter through I could not get one person who talked to me of 'the distress in the shoe trade' to see that it was only like applying a plaster to a broken limb, instead of setting the bone, to give coal and bread tickets to these poor starving people, and was not really 'feeding the hungry.' People are, as far as *I* know, *never* half fed by such means, but over-fed one day in the week, and left foodless the other six.*

"I talked earnestly to a 'Board' schoolmistress who is 'educating' near three hundred children; but, alas! she persisted in saying, 'It would be a disgraceful thing if we had not the engine and brush, when other towns have got them long ago.' Will you not believe that in such a winter it was good to get 'Fors'? People do listen to you.

"John Grey's letter is glorious. I am so thankful for it. I would like to tell him so, but fear he may not read the name 'Companion' as I do."

I should not have given this letter large type for the portions referring to myself; but I wish its statement of the distress for food among the poorer classes—distress which is the final measure of decrease of National wealth—to be compared with the triumphant words of Mr. Goldwin Smith in contemplation of the increased number of chimneys at Reading, (and I

* Compare Letter LXL, page 2.

suppose also of the model gaol which conceals from the passing traveller the ruins of its Abbey). And I will pray my first correspondent to believe me, that if once he thoroughly comprehends the quantity of fallacy and of mischief involved in these thoughtless expressions of vulgar triumph, and sets himself to contradict and expose them, he will no longer be sensitive to the less or more of severity in the epithets given to their utterers. The following passage from another of his letters on this subject, with my following general answer, may, I think, sufficiently conclude what is needful to be said on this subject.

“To quite free my mind from the burden which it has long carried, I will speak, too, of what you have said of Goldwin Smith, and Mill. I know that men who fail to see that political change is purely mischievous* are so far ‘geese’; but I know, too, that it is wrong to call them geese. They are not entirely so; and of the geese or half-geese who follow them in flocks, about the noblest quality is that they are loyal to and admire their leaders, and are hurt and made angry when names which they do not like are used of those leaders.”

Well, my dear sir, I solemnly believe that the less they like it, the better my work has been done. For you will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the

* I had not the slightest intention of alluding to *this* failure of theirs, which happens to be my own also.

curse of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. This is, first, the result of the invention of printing, and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print. When it took a twelve-month's hard work to make a single volume legible, men considered a little the difference between one book and another ; but now, when not only anybody can get themselves made legible through any quantity of volumes, in a week, but the doing so becomes a means of living to them, and they can fill their stomachs with the foolish foam of their lips,* the universal pestilence of falsehood fills the mind of the world as cicadas do olive-leaves, and the first necessity for our mental government is to extricate from among the insectile noise, the few books and words that are Divine. And this has been my main work from my youth up,—not caring to speak my own words, but to discern, whether in painting or scripture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now, being old, and thoroughly practised in this trade, I know either of a picture—a book—or a speech, quite

* Just think what a horrible condition of life it is that any man of common vulgar wit, who knows English grammar, can get, for a couple of sheets of chatter in a magazine, two-thirds of what Milton got altogether for 'Paradise Lost !' all this revenue being of course stolen from the labouring poor, who are the producers of all wealth. (Compare the central passage of *Fors XI.*, page 6.)

securely whether it is good or not, as a cheesemonger knows cheese ;—and I have not the least mind to try to make wise men out of fools, or silk purses out of sows' ears ; but my one swift business is to brand them of base quality, and get them out of the way, and I do not care a cobweb's weight whether I hurt the followers of these men or not,—totally ignoring them, and caring only to get the facts concerning the men themselves fairly and roundly stated for the people whom I have real power to teach. And for qualification of statement, there is neither time nor need. Of course there are few writers capable of obtaining any public attention who have not some day or other said something rational ; and many of the foolishlest of them are the amiablest, and have all sorts of minor qualities of a most recommendable character,—propriety of diction, suavity of temper, benevolence of disposition, wide acquaintance with literature, and what not. But the one thing I have to assert concerning them is that they are men of eternally worthless intellectual quality, who never ought to have spoken a word in this world, or to have been heard in it, out of their family circles ; and whose books are merely so much floating fogbank, which the first breath of sound public health and sense will blow back into its native ditches for ever.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

(Before entering on general business, I must pray the reader's attention to the following letter, addressed by me to the Editor of the Standard on the 24th of August:—

"To the Editor of the Standard.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

24th August, 1877.

"Sir,—My attention has been directed to an article in your columns of the 22nd inst. referring to a supposed correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me. Permit me to state that the letter in question is not Mr. Lowe's. The general value of your article as a review of my work and methods of writing, will I trust be rather enhanced than diminished by the correction, due to Mr. Lowe, of this original error; and the more that your critic in the course of his review expresses his not unjustifiable conviction that no correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me is possible on any intellectual subject whatever.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN RUSKIN.")

I. Affairs of the Company.

I shall retain the word 'Company' to the close of the seventh volume of Fors, and then substitute whatever name our associa-

tion may have been registered under, if such registration can be effected. Supposing it cannot, the name which we shall afterwards use will be 'Guild,' as above stated.

I regret that the Abbey Dale property still stands in my name ; but our solicitors have not yet replied to my letter requesting them to appoint new Trustees ; and I hope that the registration of the Guild may soon enable me to transfer the property at once to the society as a body.

I ought, by rights, as the Guild's *master*, to be at present in Abbey Dale itself ; but as the Guild's *founder*, I have quite other duties. See the subsequent note on my own affairs.

Our accounts follow, (see next five pages,) which I can only hope will be satisfactory, as, in these stately forms, I don't understand them myself. The practical outcome of them is, that we have now of entire property, five thousand Consols, (and something over) ;—eight hundred pounds balance in cash ; thirteen acres freehold at Abbey Dale,—twenty at Bewdley, two at Barmouth, and the Walkley Museum building, ground, and contents.

I must personally acknowledge a kind gift of three guineas, to enable St. George, with no detriment to his own pocket, to meet the appeal in the Correspondence of Fors LXXX., page 244.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I said just now that I ought to be at Abbey Dale ; and truly I would not fail to be there, if I had only the Guild's *business* to think of. But I have the Guild's schools to think of, and while I know there are thousands of men in England able to conduct our business affairs better than I, when once they see it their duty to do so, I do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in Natural History and Art. And I am therefore wholly occupied in examining the growth of *Anagallis tenella*, and completing some notes on St.

Dr.

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT, FROM

1877.						£ s. d.		
Jan.	1.	To Cash in hand	.	.	.	£16	3	1
	8.	„ Mrs. Hannah Grant	.	.	.	0	1	0
Feb.	10.	„ J. Ruskin (cheque)	.	.	.	50	0	0
May	1.	„ Ditto ditto	.	.	.	50	0	0
June	30.	„ Ditto ditto	.	.	.	50	0	0
						<hr/>		
						166	4	1

 £166 4 1

JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877.

Cr.

1877.		CURRENT EXPENSES.			£	s.	d.
Jan.	1.	By Curator's salary	£25	0	0		
	3.	„ Fire insurance	0	4	6		
	31.	„ Gas	1	14	3		
Feb.	7.	„ Water rate	0	5	7		
March	31.	„ Property tax	0	7	2		
April	1.	„ Curator's salary	25	0	0		
	9.	„ District rate	1	19	0		
May	2.	„ Gas (temporarily employed in heating; will not be used during ensuing winter)	6	6	9		
June	11.	„ Water	0	5	8		
	14.	„ Poor rate	0	13	5		
	25.	„ Ditto in addition of land	0	1	9		
					<hr/>		
					61	18	1

BUILDING AND GROUNDS.

Jon.	11.	By J. Tunnard (wooden gate and joinery)	2	14	9		
Feb.	13.	„ W. Webster (gateway and wallwork)	5	4	7		
March	10.	„ B. Bagshawe (transfer of fresh land)	1	16	2		
	22.	„ J. C. and J. S. Ellis (on account)	10	0	0		
April	20.	„ J. Swift (wood and zinc)	0	8	0		
May	1.	„ J. C. and J. S. Ellis (balance, hot water apparatus)	10	14	0		
	5.	„ J. Smith (drains)	0	12	0		
	14.	„ Fisher, Holmes and Co. (grass seed)	0	8	0		
	„	„ E. Richardson (tree planting)	2	0	0		
	19.	„ Geo. Creswick (gravel)	1	17	6		
	„	„ C. Ellis and J. S. Smith (labour on path and road)	9	13	2		
					<hr/>		
					45	8	2

CASES AND FITTINGS.

March	3.	By W. Chaloner (on account)	5	0	0		
	16.	„ Ditto (balance, table and fittings)	6	4	6		
May	1.	„ Leaf and Co. (velvets)	4	12	6		
	14.	„ B. Dixon (silk)	0	5	0		
	21.	„ B. Dixon (silk)	0	12	3		
	„	„ Brooks and Son (silk)	0	12	0		
					<hr/>		
					17	6	3
June	30.	Carriage of goods and postage			5	2	5
	„	Petty expenses			1	5	7
	„	Cash in hand			35	3	7
					<hr/>		
					£166	4	1

Examined and found correct, Aug. 22, 1877.

WM. WALKER.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE
ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
1877.				1877.			
Jan. 1. To Balance	191	9	1	April 23. By Power of attorney for sale of Consols	0	11	6
23. " Per Mr. J. Ruskin, draft at Bridge- water (Talbot)		50	0	May 11. " Postage of pass-book	0	0	3
" " Ditto ditto		26	11	" 26. " Power of attorney for sale of Consols	0	11	6
" " Ditto, Sheffield (Fowler)		20	0	June 5. " Mr. J. Ruskin		400	0
25. " Ditto, Brighton (Moss)		200	0	" 5. " To Deposit Account		500	0
26. " Per Mrs. Bradley		7	0	11. " Mr. B. Pagshawe		2287	16
29. " Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Mr. Rydings' draft, less 1s. 8d. charges		33	13	30. " Balance		301	14
Feb. 15. " Per Mr. J. Ruskin draft at Bridge- water, (Browne)		100	0				
19. " Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 6d. charges		28	18				
April 3. " Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by " A Sheffield Working Man "		0	2				
9. " Per ditto, from a " Sheffielder "		0	2				
20. " Per J. P. Stilwell		25	0				
May 7. " Per Mr. Swan, from " A Sheffield silversmith "		0	4				
11. " Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Wolver- hampton		50	0				
18. " Per ditto, draft at Douglas, less 10d. charges		17	13				
26. " Proceeds of sale of £253 7s. 5d. Consols		2700	0				
June 8. " Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 10d. charges		36	18				
22. " Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Post Office Order		1	0				
30. " Draft at Croydon, per Mr. Rydings		2	2				
		£3490	14				
July 1. To Balance					£3490	14	0

CASH STATEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S FUND, FROM JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877.

RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.				£	s.	d.			
Total from last account	.	.	.	23	10	0	11	Total from last account	.	.	21	7	1	9		
Subscriptions and donations—								Powers of attorney for sale of Consols.	.	.	1	3	0			
See March Fors	.	£	40	3	11	3		Postage of pass-book	.	.	0	0	3			
See May ditto	.	.	0	4	6			Commission of local banker on cheque	.	.	0	1	8			
See July ditto	.	.	25	4	0			Purchase of land at Abbey Vale, Sheffield	.	.	22	8	7			
Post Office Order by Mr. Ruskin	.	1	0	0				Fittings, salary, taxes, etc., at Museum, to June 30, less 1s. received from Mrs. H. Grant, as per separate account	.	.	1	3	0			
Subscriptions sent to Mr. Rydings as per his account in August	.							Mr. Bunney, for drawings	.	.	9	0	0			
Fors	.	1	3	5	16	0		Mrs. Tallot, for repairs at Bournemouth	.	.	8	0	12			
Less local banker's charges	.	0	4	2				Mr. Bagshawe, for land at Sheffield	.	.	1	8	0			
								Mr. Geddes	.	.	1	0	0			
Sale of £2853 7s. 5d. Consols	.	.	27	0	0			Mr. Graham	.	.	5	0	0			
Dividend on £8000 Consols, placed to Mr. Ruskin's account, to meet payments made by him for St. George	.	.	1	1	8	10		Mr. Burdon	.	.	5	0	0			
Balance due to Mr. Ruskin for payments made for ditto (inclusive of £50 sent to Mr. Swan on the 30th June, and not accounted for in July Fors).	.	.	3	8	5	10		Mr. Murray, for painting and drawings	.	.	1	7	5			
								Mr. Baker, for clearing land on Worcestershire estate	.	.	1	0	0			
								Cash at banker's—								
								On deposit account	.	£	5	0	0			
								On current account	.	3	0	1	4	3		
								At Museum	.	3	5	3	7			
										8	3	6	1	7	10	
										£	6	0	7	9	12	6

N.B. The above will be made more intelligible if readers will kindly refer to the account on page 208 of July Fors.

Dr. THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE Cr.
ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

		£	s.	d.	1877.	£	s.	d.
July 1.	To Balance	301	14	3	July 18. By Cheque to John Ruskin, Esq.	355	10	0
"	" Stamp allowed on power of attorney for sale of Consols	0	10	0				
14.	" Per John Ruskin, Esq., sale of Japanese books	25	0	0				
16.	" Per ditto, drafts at Bridgwater: Gift (Mrs. Talbot) £10 0 0 Rents of Barmouth land	26	16	9				
19.	" Per Mr. Swan, from "Manchester Friends of St. George"	36	16	9				
Aug. 13.	" Per John Ruskin, Esq., from Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, July 1	20	0	0				
	E. T. Russell, Esq., July 12	5	0	0				
	Miss Susan Reeves, July 20	7	6	0				
	Charles W. Smith, Aug. 11	50	0	0				
		82	6	0	Aug. 15. By Balance	92	17	0
		£448	7	0		£448	7	0
Aug. 15.	To Balance	92	17	0				

George's Chapel at Venice; and the Dalesmen must take care of themselves for the present.

Respecting my own money matters, I have only to report that things are proceeding, and likely to proceed to the end of this year, as I intended, and anticipated: that is to say, I am spending at my usual rate, (with an extravagance or two beyond it,) and earning nothing.

III. The following notes on the existing distress in India, by correspondents of the 'Monetary Gazette,' are of profound import. Their slightly predicatorial character must be pardoned, as long as our Bishops have no time to attend to these trifling affairs of the profane world.

"Afflictions spring not out of the ground, nor is this dire famine an accident that might not have been averted. David in the numbering of Israel sinned in the pride and haughtiness of his heart, and the retribution of Heaven was a pestilence that from Dan to Beersheba slew in one day seventy thousand men. The case of India is exactly parallel. This rich country has been devastated by bad government, and the sins of the rulers are now visited on the heads of the unoffending and helpless people. These poor sheep, what have they done? It cannot be denied that, taking the good years and the bad together, India is capable of supplying much more corn than she can possibly consume; and besides, she can have abundant stores left for exportation. But the agricultural resources of the land are paralyzed by a vile system of finance, the crops remain insufficient, the teeming population is never properly fed, but is sustained, even in the best of times, at the lowest point of vitality. So that, when drought comes, the food supplies fall short at once, and the wretched hungry people are weak and prostrate in four-and-twenty hours. The ancient rulers of India by their wise forethought did much, by the storage of water and by irrigation, to avoid these frightful famines; and the

ruins of their reservoirs and canals, which exist to this day, testify alike to their wisdom, and to the supreme folly of India's modern rulers. Diverse principles of statesmanship underlie these different policies, and the germ of the whole case is hidden in these first principles. The ancients reserved from the 'fat' years some part of their produce against the inevitable 'lean' years which they knew would overtake them. When, therefore, the 'lean' years came, their granaries were comparatively full. You, with your boasted wisdom *of the nineteenth century*, in reality degenerate into the madness of blind improvidence. You do even worse. You draw on the future, by loans and kindred devices, in order to repair the errors and shortcomings of the present. The past was once the present, and you drew on what was then the future; that future is now the present, the bill is at maturity, there are no resources either in the storehouse or in the till, and famine comes of consequence. Nor is this all—the greater part of the folly and crime remains to be told. You have desolated the fairest portion of the land by the iniquities of usury. The cultivating classes are in hopeless indebtedness, the hereditary money-lender holds them firmly in his grasp, and the impoverished villagers have neither the means nor the heart properly to cultivate the soil. The rulers sit quietly by, while the normal state of things is that agriculture—the primitive industry of the land—is carried on under the vilest system of 'high finance'; where loans are regularly contracted even for the purchase of cattle, and of implements of husbandry, *and the rates of usury run from thirty to eighty per cent.* Agriculture is thus stunted and paralyzed by usury, and not by droughts; and as links in a natural chain of sequences, the earth refuses her increase, and the people perish. The blight and curse of India is usury. You and all your subordinates know it is so, and you do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. Your fathers planted that tree, so fair to behold, and so seemingly desirable to make the partakers thereof rich; but it is *forbidden*,

as was the tree in the early Paradise of man. Every great statesman who has written his fame in the history and in the laws of the world, has denounced and forbidden it. Are you wiser than they? Was Lycurgus a fool when he forbade it? Was Solon a fanatic when he poured his bitterest denunciations on it? Were Cato, Plato, and Aristotle mad when with burning words they taught its iniquities? Were the Councils of the Church of Rome drunk with insane prejudices, when one after another they condemned it as a mortal sin? Was the Protestant Church of England in deadly error, or in petty warfare against the science of political economy, against truth or against morality, when she declared it to be the revenue of Satan? Was Mahomet wrong when he strictly forbade it? or the Jewish Church when it poured its loudest anathemas on it as a crime of the first magnitude? They all with one accord, in all ages, under the influences of every form of civilization and religion, denounced and forbade it even in the smallest degree; and it has destroyed every nation where it has been established. In India it is not one per cent. which is inherently wrong, and insidiously destructive. It is *eighty per cent.*, with the present penalty of a deadly famine, and a sharp and complete destruction imminent.

“But this wisdom of Joseph in Egypt was not so rare in ancient times. The rulers of these epochs had not been indoctrinated with Adam Smith and the other political economists, whose fundamental maxim is, ‘Every man for himself, and the devil for the rest.’ Here is another illustration, and as it belongs to Indian history, it is peculiarly pertinent here. The Sultan, Ala-ud-din, fixed the price of grain, and received it as tribute; by these means so much royal grain came in Delhi, that there never was a time when there were not two or three royal granaries full of grain in the city. When there was a deficiency of rain, the royal stores were opened; corn was never deficient in the market, *and never rose above the fixed price.* If the rains had fallen regularly,

and the seasons had always been favourable, there would have been nothing so wonderful in grain remaining at one price; but the extraordinary fact was, that though during the reign of Ala-ud-din there were years in which the rain was deficient, yet, instead of the usual scarcity, there was no want of corn in Delhi, and there was no rise in the price, either of the grain brought out of the royal granaries or of that imported by the dealers. Once or twice when the rains failed to some extent, a market overseer reported that the price had risen half a jital, *and he received twenty blows with a stick.* That was an admirable administration for the people; our own is supreme folly in comparison. Perhaps if every time there were an Indian famine we were to administer twenty blows with a stick to a finance minister and a political economist, and were to hang up in every village the principal usurer, the nations might, by aid of these crude methods, arrive at a perception of the wisdom of ancient rule. We certainly would do much to prevent the recurrence of Indian famines after the establishment of that stern but salutary discipline.

“Talking of usury in India, the ‘Globe’ has just published for public edification another illustration of this rampant iniquity. ‘In a case which lately came before the Calcutta Small Cause Court, it was proved that during two years the debtor had paid 1,450 rupees for the interest and amortization of an original debt of 600 rupees. Yet the creditor had so arranged the account that he was able to make a final claim of 450 rupees on account of principal, and 26 rupees as overdue interest. Thus, in the course of only two years, the loan of 600 rupees had swallowed up 1,926 rupees, or at the rate of 963 rupees per annum. After deducting the amount of the original advance, the interest charges came to 681 rupees 8 annas a year, so that the creditor really recovered the debt, with 13½ per cent. interest, in the course of twelve months, and yet held as large a claim as ever against his victim. Owing to the non-existence of usury laws in India, the judge was

compelled to give judgment against the defendant for the full sum claimed ; but he marked his sense of the transaction by allowing the balance to be paid off in small monthly instalments. At the same time he expressed a regret, in which we heartily agree, that the Indian Civil Code contains no restrictions on the practice of usury.'

"I would 'heartily agree' also, if the regret were intended to fructify in a measure to put down usury altogether, and abolish the money-lender with all his functions. There will be no hope for India till that shall be done ; and what is more, we shall have a famine of bread in England very shortly, if we do not deal effectually with that obnoxious gentleman at home."

IV. The following more detailed exposition of my Manchester correspondent's designs for the founding of a museum for working men in that city, should be read with care. My own comments, as before, are meant only to extend, not to invalidate, his proposals.

"It is many years since the brightest sunshine in Italy and Switzerland began to make me see chiefly the gloom and foulness of Manchester ; since the purest music has been mingled for my ear with notes of the obscene songs which are all the music known to thousands of our workpeople ; since the Tale of Troy and all other tales have been spoiled for me by the knowledge that 'for our working classes no such tales exist.' Do not doubt that I know that those words are sorrowful,—that I know that while they are true, gladness cannot often be felt except by fools and knaves. We are so much accustomed to allow conditions of life to exist which make health impossible, and to build infirmaries and hospitals for a few of the victims of those conditions ;—to allow people to be drawn into crime by irresistible temptations, which we might have removed, and to provide prison chaplains for the most troublesome criminals ;—our beneficent activity is so

apt to take the form of what, in Mrs. Fry's case, Hood so finely called 'nugatory teaching,' that it is quite useless to urge people of our class to take up the work of making healthy activity of body and mind possible for the working classes of our towns, and a life less petty than that which we are now living, possible too for the rich. They prefer to work in hospitals and prisons. (a) The most hospital-like and therefore inviting name which I can find for the work which I have mentioned—a work to which I shall give what strength I have—is the 'cure of drunkenness.' Under the 'scientific treatment of drunkenness' I can find a place for every change that seems to me to be most urgently needed in Manchester and all manufacturing towns. Pray do not think that I am jesting, or that I would choose a name for the sake of deception. The name I have chosen quite accurately describes one aspect of the work to be done. I must write an explanation of the work, as I am not rich enough to do more than a small part by myself.

"There is, I believe, no doubt that in the last seventy or eighty years the higher and middle classes of English people, formerly as remarkable for drunkenness as our workmen now are, (b) have become much more temperate. I try to show what are the causes of the change, and how these causes, which do not yet affect the

(a) Most true. This morbid satisfaction of consciences by physicking people on their deathbeds, and preaching to them under the gallows, may be ranked among the most insidious mischiefs of modern society. My correspondent must pardon St. George for taking little interest in any work which proposes to itself, even in the most expanded sense, merely curative results. Is it wholly impossible for him to substitute, as a scope of energy, for the "cure of drunkenness," the "distribution of food?" I heard only yesterday of an entirely well-conducted young married woman fainting in the street for hunger. If my correspondent would address himself to find everybody enough of Meat, he would incidentally, but radically, provide against anybody's having a superabundance of Drink.

(b) Compare 'The Crown of Wild Olive,' §§ 148, 149.

poor, may be made to reach them. I must tell you very briefly what we are already doing in Manchester, and what I shall try to get done. The work of smoke prevention goes on very slowly. The Noxious Vapours Association will have to enforce the law, which, if strictly enforced, would make all mill chimneys almost smokeless. But the 'nuisance sub-committees' will not enforce the law. We shall show as clearly and effectively as possible how grossly they neglect their duty. I believe that in a year or two all that the law can help us to do will be done, and the air will then be much purer. (c)

* * * * *

"Music is one of the things most needed. The mood, which I know well, must be very well known by workpeople—the mood in which one does not wish to improve one's mind, or to talk, but only to rest. All men must know that temptation is never harder to resist than then. *We* have music to protect us, which calls up our best thoughts and feeling and memories. The poor have—the public-house,—where their thoughts and feelings are at the mercy of any one who chooses to talk or sing obscenely; and they are ordered to leave even that poor refuge if they don't order beer as often as the landlord thinks they ought to do. In every large English town there are scores of rich people who know what Austrian beer-gardens are,—how much better than anything in England; and yet nowhere has one been started. I am trying now to get a few men to join me in opening one. I should prefer to have tea and coffee and cocoa instead of beer, as our beer is much more stupifying than that which is drunk in Austria. All that is needed is a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room; (d)

(c) I omit part of the letter here; because to St. George's work it is irrelevant. St. George forbids, not the smoke only, but much more—the fire.

(d) Alas, my kindly friend—do you think there is no difference between a 'room' and a 'garden,' then? The *Garden* is the essential matter; and the Daylight. Not the music, nor the beer, nor even the coffee.

where every evening three or four good musicians shall play such music as one hears in Austria,—music of course chosen by us, and not, as it is in music-halls, virtually by the lowest blackguards. (*e*) A penny or twopence will be paid at the door, to quite cover the cost of the music; and tea, etc., will be sold to people who want it; but no one will have to order anything for ‘the good of the house.’ Then there will be a place where a decent workman can take his wife or daughter, without having to pay more than he can well afford, and where he will be perfectly sure that they will hear no foul talk or songs. I don’t know of any place of which that can now be said.

“Mr. Ward probably told you of my plans for a museum. I shall be very grateful to you if you will tell me whether or not they are good. (*f*) I want to make art again a teacher. I know

(*e*) I will take up this subject at length, with Plato’s help, in next Fors. Meantime, may I briefly ask if it would not be possible, instead of keeping merely the bad *music* out of the hall, to keep the bad *men* out of it? Suppose the music, instead of being charged twopence for, were given of pure grace;—suppose, for instance, that rich people, who now endeavour to preserve memory of their respected relations, by shutting the light out of their church windows with the worst glass that ever good sand was spoiled into,—would bequeath an annual sum to play a memorial tune of a celestial character?—or in any other pious way share some of their own operatic and other musical luxury with the poor; or even appoint a Christian lady-visitor, with a voice, to sing to them, instead of preach?—and then, as aforesaid, instead of permitting seats to be obtained for twopence, make the entry to such entertainments a matter of compliment, sending tickets of admission, as for Almack’s, to persons who, though moneyless, might yet be perceived to belong to a penurious type of good society,—and so exclude ‘blackguards,’ whether lowest or highest, altogether. Would not the selection of the pieces become easier under such conditions?

(*f*) *Very* good;—but the main difficulty which we have to overcome is, not to form plans for a museum, but to find the men leisure to muse. My correspondent has not yet answered my question, why we, and they, have less than the Greeks had.

that while our town children are allowed to live in filthy houses, to wear filthy clothes, to play in filthy streets, look up to a filthy sky, and love filthy parents, there can be very little in them—compared, at least, with what under other conditions there would be—that books, or art, or after-life can ‘educate.’ But still there is something,—far more than we have any right to expect. How very many of these children, when they grow up, do not become drunkards, do not beat their wives! When I see how good those already grown up are, how kind, as a rule, to each other, how tender to their children, I feel not only shame that we have left them unhelped so long; but, too, hope, belief, that in our day we can get as many people with common kindness and common sense, to work together, as will enable us to give them effective help.

“After all, town children sometimes see brightness. To-day the sky was radiantly blue: looking straight up, it was hardly possible to see that there was smoke in the air, though my eyes were full of ‘blacks’ when I left off watching the clouds drift.

“So long as people are helpful to each other and tender to their children, is there not something in them that art can strengthen and ennoble? Can we not find pictures, old or new, that will bring before them in beautiful forms their best feelings and thoughts? I speak of pictures with great diffidence. For what in them directly reveals noble human feeling I care deeply; but my eyes and brain are dull for both form and colour. I venture to speak of them at all to you only because I have thought much of the possibility of using them as means for teaching people who can barely read. Surely pictures must be able to tell tales, (*g*) even to people whose eyes have been trained

(*g*.) Yes, provided the tales be true, and the art honest. Is my correspondent wholly convinced that the tales he means to tell are true? For if they are not, he will find no good whatever result from an endeavour to amuse the

in a Manchester back street. The plan which I wish to try is, to take, with the help of other men, a warehouse with some well-lighted walls. On these I would hang first the tale of the life of Christ, told by the copies published by the Arundel Society, as far as they can be made to tell it; and with the gaps, left by them, filled by copies made specially for us. Under the whole series the same history would be told in words, and under each picture there would be a full explanation. There are hundreds of English people who have never heard this tale; but it is the tale that is better known than any other. Other tales told by pictures, I hope, can be found.

“You speak hopelessly of the chance of finding painters for the actions of great Englishmen, but could we not find painters for English hills and woods? (*h*) I should like to make other people, and myself, look with their brains, eventually even with their hearts, at what they now see only with their eyes. So I would have drawings made of the prettiest places near Manchester to which people go on holidays. They should be so grown-up working men of England with mediæval fiction, however elegant. And, if they are true, perhaps there is other business to be done before painting them.

Respecting the real position of the modern English mind with respect to its former religion, I beg my readers' accuratest attention to Mr. Mallock's faultlessly logical article in the 'Nineteenth Century' for this month, "Is life worth living?"

(*h*) Possibly; but as things are going we shall soon have our people incredulous of the existence of these also. If we cannot keep the fields and woods themselves, the paintings of them will be useless. If you can, they are your best museum. It is true that I am arranging a museum in Sheffield, but not in the least with any hope of regenerating Sheffield by means of it;—only that it may be ready for Sheffield, otherwise regenerated, to use. Nor should I trouble myself even so far, but that I know my own gifts lie more in the way of cataloguing minerals than of managing men.

The rest of my correspondent's letter, to its close, is of extreme value and interest.

painted that, if rocks are seen, it may be easy to know what kind of rocks they are; if trees, what kind of trees. Under or near these pictures, there should be sketches in outline giving the names of all the principal things—‘clump of oaks,’ ‘new red sandstone.’ On the opposite wall I would have cases of specimens—large-scale drawings of leaves of trees, of their blossom and seeds. For pictures of hills there should be such plates, showing the leading lines of the hills, as you give in the ‘Mountain’ volume of ‘Modern Painters.’ It might help to make us think of the wonderfulness of the earth if we had drawings—say of a valley in the coal measure district as it now is, and another of what it probably was when the coal plants were still growing. If each town had such a series of pictures and explanatory drawings, they might be copied by chromo-lithography, and exchanged.

“We would have the photographs which you have described in ‘Fors,’ or, better, coloured copies of the pictures, with all that you have written about them. Might we not have also good chromo-lithographs of good drawings, so that we might learn what to buy for our houses?

“I speak as if I thought that one museum could do measurable good in a huge city. I speak so because I hope that there are rich people enough, sick at heart of the misery which they now helplessly watch, to open other museums, if the first were seen to do good; or enough such people to lead the poor in forcing the authorities of the city to pay for museums from the rates.

“I would have good music in the museum every evening, and I would have it open on Sunday afternoons, and let fine music be played then too. I would do this for the same reason which makes me think little of ‘temples.’ How can churches help us much now? I have *heard no preacher tell us, in calmness or in anger, that it is the duty of our class—still the ruling class—to give the people light and pure air, and all that light and pure air, and*

only they, would bring with them. (i) Until preachers have the wisdom to see, and the courage to say, that if, while the people are being stifled, in body and mind, for air now, and only *may* want more water seven years hence, and probably will not want a Gothic town-hall even seventy years hence, we spend half a million pounds sterling on a town-hall, and I don't know how many millions for your Thirlmere water, we are guilty of grievous sin,—until they see and say this, how can the religion of which they are the priests help us? The poor and the rich are one people. If we can prevent the poor from being brutes, and do not, we are brutes too, though we be rich and educated brutes. Where two or three, or two or three hundred such, are gathered together—it matters not in what name—God is *not* in the midst of them. Some day I hope we shall be able again to meet in churches and to thank God—the poor for giving them good rulers, and we for giving us the peace which we shall not find until we have taken up our duty of ruling. At present many workmen, after drinking on Saturday till public-houses close, lie in bed on Sunday until public-houses open. Then they rise, and begin to drink again. Till churches will help many, I want museums to help a few. Till Sunday be a day which brings to us all a livelier sense that we are bound to God and man with bonds of love and duty, I would have it be at least a day when working men may see that there are some things in the world very good. The first day will do as well as the seventh for that. How can people, trained as our working classes now are, rest on Sunday? To me it seems that *our* Sunday rest, which finds us with stores of knowledge and wisdom that we could not have, had not hundreds of people worked for us, is as much out of the reach of workmen as the daintily cooked cold meats which we eat on Sunday when we wish to be very good to our servants.”

(i) *Italics mine.*

V. Perhaps, after giving due attention to these greater designs, my readers may have pleasure in hearing of the progress of little Harriet's botanical museum; see Fors LXI., page 35.

"I have told Harriet of the blue 'Flag flowers' that grew in our garden at home, on the bank by the river, and I was as pleased as she, when among the roots given us, I found a Flag flower. One morning, when Harriet found a bud on it, she went half wild with delight. 'Now I shall see one of the flowers you tell about.' She watched it grow day by day, and said, 'It *will* be a grand *birthday* when it bursts open.' She begged me to let her fetch her 'father and little brother' up to look at the wonderfully beautiful (to her) flower on its 'birthday.' Of course I agreed; but, alas! almost as soon as it was open, a cat broke it off. Poor little Harriet!—it was a real grief to her: said flower was, like all our flowers, (the soil is so *very* bad,) a most pitiable, colourless thing, hardly to be known as a relative of country flowers; but they are all 'most lovely' to Harriet: she tells me, 'We shall have such a garden as never was known,' which is perhaps very true.

"Harriet's plants don't ever live long, but she is learning to garden by degrees,—learning even by her mistakes. Her first daisy and buttercup roots, which you heard of, died, to *her* surprise, in their first winter. 'And I took ever such care of them,' she said; 'for when the snow came I scraped it all off, and covered them up nice and warm with *soot and ashes*, and *then* they died!'"

VI. Finally, and for hopefulest piece of this month's Fors, I commend to my readers every word of the proposals which, in the following report of the "Bread-winners' League," are beginning to take form in America; and the evidence at last beginning to be collected respecting the real value of railroads, which I print in capitals.

“‘The Bread-winners’ League’—an organization of workmen and politicians extending throughout the State of New York—publishes the following proclamation :—

“‘Riots are the consequence of vicious laws, enacted for the benefit of the powerful few to the injury of the powerless many.

“‘Labour, having no voice in our law-making bodies, will, of necessity, continue to strike.

“‘Riot and bloodshed will spasmodically re-occur until these questions are squarely put before the American people for popular vote and legislative action.

“‘It is an iniquity and absurdity that half a dozen railroad magnates can hold the very existence of the nation in their hands, and that we shall continue to be robbed by national banks and other moneyed corporations. That “resumption of labour” must be had is self-evident ; and if the industrial and labouring classes desire to protect their just interests and independence, they must first emancipate themselves from party vassalage and secure direct and honest representation in the councils of the nation, state, and municipality.

“‘The directors that by negligence or crime steal the earnings of the poor from savings banks, and render life insurance companies bankrupt, invariably escape punishment. And under existing laws there is no adequate protection for the depositors or the insured.’

“Justus Schwab, the most prominent Communistic leader in the country, lays it down as part of the platform of his party that—

“‘The Government must immediately take, control, own, and operate the railroads and work the mines. The only monopoly must be the Government.’

“At the Communistic meeting held in Tompkins Square a few nights ago, it was resolved that—

“‘To secure the greatest advantages of economy and con-

venience resulting from the improvements of the age, and to guard against the cupidity of contractors, the fraudulent principle of interest on money, the impositions of the banking system, and the extortions practised by railroads, gas companies, and other organized monopolies, the system of contracting public work should be abolished, and all public improvements, such as postroads, railroads, gasworks, waterworks, mining operations, canals, post-offices, telegraphs, expresses, etc., should be public property, and *be conducted by Government* at reasonable rates, for the interest of society.'

"Thus, you observe, the Ohio Republicans, in their official declarations, are at one with the Communists.

"Judge West, the candidate of the Ohio Republicans for the office of Governor, in a speech upon receiving the nomination, said:—

"‘I desire to say, my fellow-citizens, to you a word only upon a subject which I know is uppermost in the minds and in the hearts of most of you. It is that the industry of our country shall be so rewarded as that labour shall at least receive that compensation which shall be the support and sustenance of the labourer. I do not know how it may certainly be brought about. But if I had the power, I would try one experiment at least. I would prohibit the great railroad corporations, the great thoroughfares of business and trade, from so reducing their rates by ruinous competition as to disable themselves from paying a just compensation to their operators.

"‘I would go further, and would arrange and fix a minimum of prices for all who labour in the mines and upon the railroads, and then require that from all the net receipts and the proceeds of the capital invested the labourer at the end of the year should, in addition to his fixed compensation, receive a certain per cent. of the profits.

"‘Then, if the profits were insufficient to compensate you as

liberally as you might otherwise desire, you would bear with your employers a portion of the loss. But if these receipts be sufficient to make a division, we would in God's name let the labourer, who is worthy of his hire, share a portion of the profits.'

"Three other facts are worthy of attention:—

"1. THERE ARE 811 RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THESE ONLY 196 THAT PAID A DIVIDEND WITHIN THE LAST FISCAL YEAR. IN SIXTEEN STATES AND TERRITORIES NOT A SINGLE RAILROAD HAS PAID A DIVIDEND. THERE ARE 71 RAILROADS IN NEW YORK, AND ONLY 20 OF THEM PAID A DIVIDEND; 52 IN ILLINOIS, AND ONLY 7 PAID A DIVIDEND; 18 IN WISCONSIN, AND ONLY 1 PAID A DIVIDEND; AND SO ON.

"2. THE NUMBER OF COMMERCIAL FAILURES THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THIS YEAR WAS 4,749; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1876 IT WAS 4,600; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1875 IT WAS 3,563. BUSINESS GROWS WORSE INSTEAD OF BETTER.

"3. CONGRESS, AT ITS COMING SESSION, WILL BE ASKED TO VOTE A SUBSIDY OF \$91,085,000, IN THE SHAPE OF A GUARANTEE OF INTEREST ON BONDS, TO BUILD 2,431 MILES OF THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILROAD, AND THE JOB WILL PROBABLY BE SUCCESSFUL."

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTER LXXXII.

BRANTWOOD, 13th September, 1877.

I REALLY thought Fors would have been true to its day, this month; but just as it was going to press, here is something sent me by my much-honoured friend Frederic Gale, (who told me of the race-horse and kitten,) which compels me to stop press to speak of it.

It is the revise of a paper which will be, I believe, in 'Baily's Magazine' by the time this Fors is printed;—a sketch of English manners and customs in the days of Fielding; (whom Mr. Gale and I agree in holding to be a truly moral novelist, and worth any quantity of modern ones since Scott's death,—be they who they may).

But my friend, though an old Conservative, seems himself doubtful whether things may not have been a little worse managed, in some respects, then, than they are now: and whether some improvements may

not really have taken place in the roads,—postage, and the like: and chiefly his faith in the olden time seems to have been troubled by some reminiscences he has gathered of the manner of inflicting capital punishment in the early Georgian epochs. Which manner, and the views held concerning such punishment, which dictate the manner, are indeed among the surest tests of the nobility or vileness of men: therefore I will ask my friend, and my readers, to go with me a little farther back than the days of Fielding, if indeed they would judge of the progress, or development, of human thought on this question;—and hear what, both in least and in utmost punishment, was ordained by *literally* ‘Rhadamanthine’ law, and remained in force over that noblest nation who were the real Institutors of Judgment,* some eight hundred years, from the twelfth to the fourth century before Christ.

I take from Müller’s ‘Dorians,’ Book III., chap. ii., the following essential passages, (*italics always mine*):—

“*Property* was, according to the Spartan notions, to be *looked upon as a matter of indifference*; in the decrees and institutions attributed to Lycurgus, no mention was made of this point, and the ephors were permitted to judge according to their own notions of equity. The ancient legislators had an evident repugnance to any strict regulations on this subject; thus Zaleucus—who however first made particular enactments concerning

* The Mosaic law never having been observed by the Jews in literalness.

the right of property—*expressly interdicted certificates of debt.*

“The ephors decided all disputes concerning money and property, as well as in accusations against responsible officers, provided they were not of a criminal nature; the kings decided in cases of heiresses and adoptions. Public offences, *particularly of the kings and other authorities*, were decided by an extreme course of judicature. The popular assembly had probably no judicial” (meaning only elective) “functions: disputes concerning the succession to the throne were referred to it only after ineffectual attempts to settle them, and it then passed a decree.

“Among the various punishments which occur, the fines levied on property would appear ridiculous in any other state than Sparta, on account of their extreme lowness. Perseus, in his treatise on the Lacedæmonian government, says that ‘the judge immediately condemns the rich man to the loss of a *dessert* (ἐπαῖκλον); the poor he orders to bring a reed, or a rush, or laurel leaves for a public banquet.’ Nicocles the Lacedæmonian says upon the same subject, ‘when the ephor has heard all the witnesses, he either acquits the defendant or condemns him; and the successful plaintiff slightly fines him in a cake, or some laurel leaves,’ which were used to give a relish to the cakes.

“Banishment was probably never a regular punishment in Sparta, for the law could hardly compel a

person to do that which, if he had done it voluntarily, would have been punished with death. On the other hand, banishment exempted a person from the most severe punishments, and, according to the principles of the Greeks, preserved him from every persecution ; so that even a person who was declared an outlaw by the Amphictyons was thought secure when out of the country. There is no instance in the history of Sparta of any individual being banished for political reasons, so long as the ancient constitution continued.

"The laws respecting the penalty of death which prevailed in the Grecian, and especially in the Doric, states, were derived from Delphi. They were entirely founded upon the ancient rite of expiation, by which a limit was first set to the fury of revenge, and a fixed mode of procedure in such cases was established.

"The Delphian institutions were, however, doubtless connected with those of Crete, where Rhadamanthus was reported by ancient tradition to have first established courts of justice, and a system of law, (the larger and more important part of which, in early times, is always the criminal law).^{*} Now as Rhadamanthus is said to have made exact retaliation the fundamental principle of his code, it cannot be doubted, after what has been

^{*} I have enclosed this sentence in brackets, because it is the German writer's parenthesis, from his own general knowledge ; and it shows how curiously unconscious he had remained of the real meaning of the 'retaliation' of Rhadamanthus, which was of good for good, not of evil for evil. See the following note.

said in the second book on the connexion of the worship of Apollo, and its expiatory rites, with Crete, that in this island the harshness of that principle was early softened by religious ceremonies, in which victims and libations took the place of the punishment which should have fallen on the head of the offender himself.

"The punishment of death was inflicted either by strangulation, in a room of the public prison, or by throwing the criminal into the Cæadas,* a ceremony which was always performed by night. It was also in ancient times the law of Athens that no execution should take place in the daytime. So also the senate of the Eolic Cume (whose antiquated institutions have been already mentioned) decided criminal cases during the night, and voted with covered balls, nearly in the same manner as the kings of the people of Atlantis, in the Critias of Plato. These must not be considered as oligarchical contrivances for the undisturbed execution of severe sentences, but they must be attributed to the dread of pronouncing and putting into execution the sentence of death, and to an unwillingness to bring the terrors of that penalty before the eye of day. A similar repugnance is expressed in the practice of Spartan Gerusia, which never passed

* I did not know myself what the Cæadas was; so wrote to my dear old friend, Osborne Gordon, who tells me it was probably a chasm in the limestone rock; but his letter is so interesting that I keep it for 'Deucalion.'

sentence of death without several days' deliberation, nor ever without the most conclusive testimony."

These being pre-Christian views of the duty and awfulness of capital punishment—(we all know the noblest instance of that waiting till the sun was behind the mountains)—here is the English eighteenth century view of it, as a picturesque and entertaining ceremony.

"As another instance of the matter-of-course way of doing business in the olden time, an old Wiltshire shepherd pointed out to a brother of mine a place on the Downs where a highwayman was hung, on the borders of Wilts and Hants. 'It was quite a pretty sight,' said the old man; 'for the sheriffs and javelin-men came a-horseback, and they all stopped at the Everleigh Arms for refreshment, as they had travelled a long way.' 'Did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?' 'Lord, yes, as much strong beer as he liked; and we drank to his health; and then they hung he, and buried him under the gallows.'"

Now I think the juxtaposition of these passages may enough show my readers how vain it is to attempt to reason from any single test, however weighty in itself, —to general conclusions respecting national progress. It would be as absurd to conclude, from the passages quoted, that the English people in the days of George the Third were in all respects brutalized, and in all respects inferior to the Dorians in the days of Rhadamanthus, as it is in the modern philanthropist

of the Newgatory* school to conclude that we are now entering on the true Millennium, because we can't bear the idea of hanging a rascal for his crimes, though we are quite ready to drown any quantity of honest men, for the sake of turning a penny on our insurance; and though (as I am securely informed) from ten to twelve public executions of entirely innocent persons take place in Sheffield, annually, by crushing the persons condemned under large pieces of sandstone thrown at them by steam-engines; in order that the moral improvement of the public may be secured, by furnishing them with carving-knives sixpence a dozen cheaper than, without these executions, would be possible.

All evidences of progress or decline have therefore to be collected in mass,—then analyzed with extreme care,—then weighed in the balance of the Ages, before we can judge of the meaning of any one:—and I am glad to have been forced by Fors to the notice of my friend's paper, that I may farther answer a complaint of my Manchester correspondent, of which I have hitherto taken no notice, that I under-estimate the elements of progress in Manchester. My answer is, in very few words, that I am quite aware there are many amiable persons in Manchester—and much general

* As a literary study, this exquisite pun of Hood's, (quoted by my correspondent in last Fors,) and intensely characteristic of the man, deserves the most careful memory, as showing what a noble and instructive lesson even a pun may become, when it is deep in its purpose, and founded on a truth which is perfectly illustrated by the seeming equivocation.

intelligence. But, taken as a whole, I perceive that Manchester can produce no good art, and no good literature; it is falling off even in the quality of its cotton; it has reversed, and vilified in loud lies, every essential principle of political economy; it is cowardly in war, predatory in peace; and as a corporate body, plotting at last to steal, and sell, for a profit,* the waters of Thirlmere and clouds of Helvellyn.

And therefore I have no serious doubt that the Rhadamanthine verdict† on that society, being distinctly retributive, would be, not that the Lake of Thirlmere

* The reader must note—though I cannot interrupt the text to explain, that the Manchester (or typically commercial,—compare Fors, Letter LXX., p. 315.) heresy in political economy is twofold,—first, what may specifically be called the Judasian heresy,—that the value of a thing is what it will fetch in the market: “This ointment might have been sold for much,—this lake may be sold for much,—this England may be sold for much,—this Christ may be sold for—little; but yet, let us have what we can get,” etc.; and, secondly, what may specifically be called the ‘heresy of the tables’—*i.e.* of the money-changers—that money begets money, and that exchange is the root of profit. Whereas only labour is the root of profit, and exchange merely causes loss to the producer by tithe to the pedlar.

Whereupon I may also note, for future comparison of old and new times, the discovery made by another of my good and much-regarded friends, Mr. Alfred Tylor, who is always helping me, one way or other; and while lately examining some documents of the old Guilds, for I forget what purpose of his own, it suddenly flashed out upon him, as a general fact concerning them, that they never looked for ‘profit’—(and, practically, never got it,)—but only cared that their work should be good, and only expected for it, and got surely, day by day, their daily bread.

† More properly, in this case, the *Minean* verdict. Though I do not care for ‘discoveries,’ and never plume myself on them, but only on clear perception of long-known facts; yet, as I leave my work behind me, I

should be brought to the top of the town of Manchester, but that the town of Manchester, or at least the Corporation thereof, should be put at the bottom of the Lake of Thirlmere.

You think I jest, do you? as you did when I said I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh,—(see notes in Correspondence, on the article in the ‘Scotsman,’) and the city of New York?

My friends, I did not jest then, and do not, now. I am no Roman Catholic,—yet I would not willingly steal holy water out of a font, to sell;—and being no Roman Catholic, I hold the hills and vales of my native land to be true temples of God, and their waves and clouds holier than the dew of the baptistery, and the incense of the altar.

And to these Manchester robbers, I would solemnly speak again the words which Plato wrote for prelude to the laws forbidding crimes against the Gods,—though crimes to him inconceivable as taking place among educated men. “Oh, thou wonderful,” (meaning wonderful in wretchedness,) “this is no human evil that is upon thee, neither one sent by the Gods, but a mortal pestilence and œstrus* begotten among men from old

think it right to note of new things in it what seem to me worthy,—and the analysis of the powers of the three Judges,—Minos, the Punisher of Evil; Rhadamanthus, the Rewarder of Good; and Æacus, the Divider of Possession, is, I believe, mine exclusively.

* There is no English word for this Greek one, symbolical of the forms of stinging fury which men must be transformed to beasts, before they can feel.

and uncleansed iniquities : wherefore, when such dogmas and desires come into thy soul, that thou desirest to steal sacred things, seek first to the shrines for purification, and then for the society of good men ; and hear of them what they say, and with no turning or looking back, fly out of the fellowship of evil men :—and if, in doing this, thy evil should be lightened, well ; but if not, then holding death the fairer state for thee, depart thou out of this life.”

For indeed* “the legislator knows quite well that to such men there is ‘no profit’ in the continuance of their lives ; and that they would do a double good to the rest of men, if they would take their departure, inasmuch as they would be an example to other men not to offend, and they would relieve the city of bad citizens.”

I return now to what I began a week ago, thinking then, as I said, to be in the best of time. And truly the lateness of *Fors* during the last four or five months has not been owing to neglect of it, but to my taking more pains with it, and spending, I am grieved to say, some ten or twelve days out of the month in the writing of it, or finishing sentences, when press correction and all should never take more than a week, else it gets more than its due share of my shortening life. And this has been partly in duty, partly in vanity, not remembering enough my often-announced purpose

* The closing sentence from this point is farther on in the book. I give Jowett’s translation, p. 373.—The inverted commas only are mine.

to give more extracts from classical authors, in statement of necessary truth; and trust less to myself; therefore to-day, instead of merely using Plato's help, in talking of music, I shall give little more than his own words, only adding such notes as are necessary for their application to modern needs. But what he has said is so scattered up and down the two great treatises of the Republic and the Laws, and so involved, for the force and basis of it, with matter of still deeper import, that, arrange it how best I may, the reader must still be somewhat embarrassed by abruptness of transition from fragment to fragment, and must be content to take out of each what it brings. And indeed this arrangement is more difficult because, for my present purposes, I have to begin with what Plato concludes in,—for *his* dialogues are all excavatory work, throwing aside loose earth, and digging to rock foundation; but *my* work is edificatory, and I have to lay the foundation first. So that to-day I must begin with his summary of conclusions in the twelfth book of the Laws,* namely, that “the Ruler must know the principle of good which is common to the four cardinal virtues,

* My own edition of Plato is Bekker's, printed by Valpy, 1826; and my own references, made during the last fifteen years, are all to page and line of this octavo edition, and will be given here,—after naming the book of each series; thus, in the present case, Laws, XII. 632. 9, meaning the twelfth book of the Laws, 9th line of 632nd page in Bekker's 8th volume; but with this reference I will also give always, in brackets, that to the chapter in Stephanus, so that the full reference here is,—Laws, XII. 632. 9 (966).

Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance ; and which makes each and all of them virtue : and he must know, of what is beautiful and good, the principle that makes it beautiful, and makes it good ; and knowing this, he must be able to set it forth first in words, and follow it out in action. Therefore, since of all beautiful things one of the most beautiful is the fact of the existence and power of the Gods ; although it may be pardoned to the common people of the city that they know these things only by fame, no man may be a governor who has not laboured to acquire every faith concerning the existence of the Gods : and there should be no permission to choose, as a guardian of the laws, any one who is not a divine man, and one who has wholly gone through the sum of labour in such things,”—(meaning, having laboured until he has fought his way into true faith).

“And there are two lines of knowledge by which we arrive at belief in the Gods : the first, the right understanding of the nature of the soul, that it is the oldest and divinest of all the things to which motion, taking to itself the power of birth, gives perpetual being ; and the other, the perception of order in the movements of matter, in the stars, and in all other things which an authoritatively ruling mind orders and makes fair. For of those who contemplate these things neither imperfectly nor idiotically, no one of men has been born so atheist as not to receive the absolutely contrary

impression to that which the vulgar suppose. For to the vulgar it seems that people dealing with astronomy and the other arts that are concerned with necessary law, must become atheists, in seeing that things come of necessity, and not of the conception formed by a will desiring accomplishment of good. But that has been so only when they looked at them" (in the imperfect and idiotic way) "thinking that the soul was newer than matter, instead of older than matter, and after it, instead of before it,—thinking which, they turned all things upside-down, and themselves also: so that they could not see in the heavenly bodies anything but lifeless stones and dirt; and filled themselves with atheism and hardness of heart, against which the reproaches of the poets were true enough, likening the philosophers to dogs uttering vain yelpings. But indeed, as I have said, the contrary of all this is the fact. For of mortal men he only can be rightly wise and reverent to the Gods, who knows these two things—the Priority of the Spirit, and the Masterhood of Mind over the things in Heaven, and who knowing these things first, adding then to them those necessary parts of introductory learning of which we have often before spoken, and also those relating to the Muse, shall harmonize them all into the system of the practices and laws of states." *

* The Greek sentence is so confused, and the real meaning of it so entirely dependent on the reader's knowledge of what has long preceded it, that I am obliged slightly to modify and complete it, to make it clear. Lest the reader

The word 'necessary' in the above sentence, refers to a most important passage in the seventh book, to understand which, I must now state, in summary, Plato's general plan of education.

It is founded primarily on the distinction between masters and servants; the education of servants and

should suspect any misrepresentation, here is Mr. Jowett's more literal rendering of it, which however, in carelessly omitting one word (*ἀναγκαῖα*), and writing "acquired the previous knowledge," instead of "acquired the previous *necessary* knowledge," has lost the clue to the bearing of the sentence on former teaching:—

"No man can be a true worshipper of the Gods who does not know these two principles—that the soul is the eldest of all things which are born, and is immortal, and rules over all bodies; moreover, as I have now said several times, he who has not contemplated the mind of nature which is said to exist in the stars, and acquired the previous knowledge, and seen the connection of them with music, and harmonized them all with laws and institutions, is not able to give a reason for such things as have a reason." Compare the Wisdom of Solomon, xiii. 1—9:—"Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen, know him that is: neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the workmaster; but deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods which govern the world. With whose beauty if they being delighted took them to be gods; let them know how much better the Lord of them is: for the first author of beauty hath created them. But if they were astonished at their power and virtue, let them understand by them how much mightier he is that made them. For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen. But yet for this they are the less to be blamed: for they peradventure err, seeking God, and desirous to find him. For being conversant in his works they search him diligently, and believe their sight: because the things are beautiful that are seen. Howbeit neither are they to be pardoned. For if they were able to know so much, that they could aim at the world, how did they not sooner find out the Lord thereof?"

artizans being not considered in the Laws, but supposed to be determined by the nature of the work they have to do. The education he describes is only for the persons whom we call 'gentlemen'—that is to say, landholders, living in idleness on the labour of slaves. (The Greek word for slave and servant is the same; our word slave being merely a modern provincialism contracted from 'Sclavonian.' See 'St. Mark's Rest,' Supplement I.)

Our manufacturers, tradesmen, and artizans, would therefore be left out of question, and our domestic servants and agricultural labourers all summed by Plato simply under the word 'slaves'*—a word which the equivocation of vulgar historians and theologians always translates exactly as it suits their own views: 'slave,' when they want to depreciate Greek politics; and servant, when they are translating the words of Christ or St. Paul, lest either Christ or St. Paul should be recognized as speaking of the same persons as Plato.

Now, therefore, the reader is to observe that the teaching of St. George differs by *extension* from that of Plato, in so far as the Greek never imagined that the blessings of education could be extended to servants as well as to masters: but it differs by absolute contradiction from that of Mr. Wilberforce and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in *their* imagination that there should

* Laws, VII. 303, 17 (806).

be no servants and no masters at all. Nor, except in a very modified degree, does even its extended charity differ from Plato's severity. For if you collect what I have said about education hitherto, you will find it always spoken of as a means of discrimination between what is worthless and worthy in men ; that the rough and worthless may be set to the roughest and foulest work, and the finest to the finest ; the rough and rude work being, you will in time perceive, the best of charities to the rough and rude people. There is probably, for instance, no collier's or pitman's work so rough or dirty, but that—if you set and kept Mr. Ayrton to it,—his general character and intelligence would in course of time be improved to the utmost point of which they are capable.

A Greek gentleman's education then, which, in some modified degree, St. George proposes to make universal for Englishmen who really deserve to have it, consisted essentially in perfect discipline in music, poetry, and military exercises ; but with these, if he were to be a perfect person, fit for public duties, he had also to learn three ' necessary ' sciences : those of number, space, and motion, (arithmetic, geometry, astronomy,) which are called ' necessary,' not merely as being instrumental to complete human usefulness, but also as being knowledges of things existing by Divine Fate, which the Gods themselves cannot alter, against which they cannot contend, and "without the knowledge of which no one can become

a God, an angel, or a hero capable of taking true care of men."*

None of these sciences, however, were to be learned either with painful toil, or to any extent liable to make men lose sight of practical duty. "For," he says, "though partly I fear indeed the unwillingness to learn at all, much more do I fear the laying hold of any of these sciences in an evil way. For it is not a terrible thing, nor by any means the greatest of evils, nor even a great evil at all, to have no experience of any of these things. But to have much experience and much learning, with evil leading, is a far greater loss than that." This noble and evermore to be attended sentence is (at least in the fulness of it) untranslatable but by expansion. I give, therefore, Mr. Jowett's and the French translations, with my own, to show the various ways in which different readers take it; and then I shall be able to explain the full bearing of it.

(1) "For entire ignorance is not so terrible or extreme an evil, and is far from being the greatest of all; too much cleverness, and too much learning, accompanied with ill bringing up, are far more fatal."

The word which Plato uses for 'much experience' does literally mean *that*, and has nothing whatever to

* This most singular sentence, (VII. 818), having reference to the rank in immortality attainable by great human spirits, ("hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules," etc.) will be much subject of future inquiry. See, however, the note farther on.

do with 'cleverness' in the ordinary sense; but it involves the idea of dexterity gained by practice, which was what Mr. Jowett thought of. "Ill bringing up" is again too narrow a rendering. The word I translate literally 'leading' * is technically used for a complete scheme of education; but in this place it means the tendency which is given to the thoughts and aim of the person, whatever the scheme of education may be. Thus we might put a boy through all the exercises required in this passage—(through music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy,) and yet throughout give him an evil 'leading,' making all these studies conducive to the gratification of ambition, or the acquirement of wealth. Plato means that we had better leave him in total ignorance than do this.

(French) "L'ignorance absolue n'est pas le plus grand des maux, ni le plus à redouter : une vaste étendue de connaissances mal digérées est quelque chose de bien pire."

The Frenchman avoids, you see, the snare of the technical meaning; but yet his phrase, 'ill digested,' gives no idea of Plato's real thought, which goes to the *cause* of indigestion, and is, that knowledge becomes evil if the aim be not virtuous: nor does he mean at all that the knowledge *itself* is imperfect or 'ill digested,' but that the most accurate and consummate science,

* It is virtually the *end* of the word *pedagogue*—the person who *led* children to their school.

and the most splendid dexterity in art, and experience in politics, are worse evils, and that by far, than total ignorance, if the aim and tone of the spirit are false.

"Therefore,"—he now goes on, returning to his practical point, which was that no toilsome work should be spent on the sciences, such as to enslave the soul in them, or make them become an end of life—"Therefore, children who are to be educated as gentlemen should only learn, of each science, so much as the Egyptian children learn with their reading and writing, for from their early infancy their masters introduce the practice of arithmetic, giving them fruits and garlands of flowers," (cowslip-balls and daisy-chains), "to fit together, fewer or more out of equal numbers; and little vessels of gold, silver, and bronze, sometimes to be mingled with each other, sometimes kept separate;" (with estimate of relative value probably in the game, leading to easy command of the notion of pounds, shillings, and pence,) "and so making every operation of arithmetic of practical use to them, they lead them on into understanding of the numbering and arranging of camps, and leadings* of regiments, and at last of household economy, making them in all more serviceable and shrewd than others." Such, with geometry and astronomy, (into the detail of which I cannot enter to-day,) being Plato's 'necessary' science, the higher conditions of education, which alone, in his

* The same word again—the end of pedagogue, applied to soldiers instead of children.

mind, deserve the name, are those above named as relating to the Muse.

To which the vital introduction is a passage most curiously contrary to Longfellow's much-sung line, "Life is real, life is earnest,"—Plato declaring out of the very deep of his heart, that it is *unreal* and *unearnest*. I cannot give space to translate the whole of the passage, though I shall return for a piece presently ; but the gist of it is that the Gods alone are great, and have great things to do ; but man is a poor little puppet, made to be their plaything ; and the virtue of him is to play merrily in the little raree-show of his life, so as to please the Gods. Analyzed, the passage contains three phases of most solemn thought ; the first, an amplification of the "What is man that thou art mindful of him ?" the second, of the "He walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain ;" the third, that his real duty is to quiet himself, and live in happy peace and play, all his measure of days. "The lambs play always, they know no better ;" and they ought to know no better, he thinks, if they are truly lambs of God : the practical outcome of all being that religious service is to be entirely with rejoicing,—that only brightness of heart can please the Gods ; and that asceticism and self-discipline are to be practised only that we may be made capable of such sacred joy.

The extreme importance of this teaching is in its opposition to the general Greek instinct, that 'Tragedy,'

or song in honour of the Gods, should be sad. An instinct which, in spite of Plato, has lasted to this day, in the degree in which men disbelieve in the Gods themselves, and in their love. Accepting cheerfulness, therefore, as the fulfilment of sanctity, we shall understand in their order the practical pieces both about music* and about higher education, of which take this first (VI. 766).

“For every sprout of things born, once *started* fairly towards the virtue of its nature, fulfils it in prosperous end; this being true of all plants, and of animals wild or gentle, and of man; and man, as we have said, is indeed gentle, if only he receive right education, together

* I thought to have collected into this place the passages about the demoralizing effect of sad music, (Verdi's, for instance, the most corrupting type hitherto known,) from the Republic as well as the Laws: but that must be for next month; meantime, here is a little bit about tragedy which *must* be read now, though I'm terribly sorry to give it only in small print. It must not have small print, so I separate it only by a line from the text.

“Concerning comedy, then, enough said; but for the earnest poets of the world occupied in tragedy, if perchance any of these should come to us, and ask thus: ‘Oh, ye strangers, will you have us to go into your city and your land, or no?’¹ and shall we bring our

¹ In sentences like this the familiar euphony of ‘no’ for ‘not,’ is softer and fuller in meaning, as in sound, than the (commonly held) grammatical form;—and in true analysis, the grammar is better, because briefer, in the familiar form; it being just as accurate to complete the sentence by understanding ‘say’ before ‘no,’ as by repeating ‘have us’ after ‘not.’

with fortunate nature ; and so becomes the divinest and the gentlest of things alive ; but if not enough or not rightly trained, he becomes, of all things that earth brings forth, the savagest."

The "together with fortunate nature" in this passage, refers to the necessity of fine race in men themselves ; and limits the future question of education to such, Plato not concerning himself about such as are ill born. Compare the Vulgate of the birth of Moses, "*videns eum elegantem.*"

The essential part of the education of these, then,—that properly belonging to the Muse,—is all to be given by the time they are sixteen ; the ten years of childhood being exclusively devoted to forming the disposition ;

poetry to you and act it to you, or how is it determined by you of the doing¹ such things?' What then should we answer, answering rightly, to the divine men? For in my thoughts it is fixed that we should answer thus: 'Oh, noblest of strangers,' should we say, 'we ourselves also according to our power are poets of tragedy,—the most beautiful that we can and the best. For all our

¹ In every case, throughout this sentence, (and generally in translations from good Greek philosophical writing,) the reader must remember that 'drama' being our adopted Greek word for 'the thing done,' and 'poetry' our adopted Greek word for 'the thing made,' properly the meaning of the sentence would require us to read 'maker' for 'poet,' and 'doer' for 'actor.'

then come three years of grammar, with the collateral sciences, in the manner above explained, and then three years of practice in executive music: bodily exercises being carried on the whole time to the utmost degree possible at each age. After sixteen, the youth enters into public life, continuing the pursuit of virtue as the object of all, life being not long enough for it.

The three years of literary education, from ten to thirteen, are supposed enough to give a boy of good talent and disposition all the means of cultivating his mind that are needful. The term must not be exceeded. If the boy has not learned by that time to read and

polity is but one great presentment of the best and most beautiful life, which we say to be indeed the best and truest tragedy: poets therefore are you, and we also alike poets of the same things, antartists, and antagonists to you as our hope is of that most beautiful drama, which the true law only can play to its end. Do not therefore think that we at all thus easily shall allow you to pitch your tents in our market-place; and yield to you that bringing in your clear-voiced actors, speaking greater things than we, you should speak to our people,—to our wives and to our children and to all our multitude, saying, concerning the same things that we speak of, not the same words, but for the most part, contrary words.' ”

write accurately and elegantly,* he is not to be troubled with such things more, but left illiterate. Then, literary study is to be foregone for three years even by those who are afterwards to take it up again, that they may learn music completely—this being considered a sedentary study, and superseding grammar, while the athletic exercises always occupy the same time of each day, and are never remitted.

Understanding this general scheme, we begin at the beginning; and the following passage, II. 501. 1 (653), defines for us Plato's thoughts, and explains to us his expressions relating to the discipline of childhood.

"Now, I mean by education † that first virtue which can be attained by children, when pleasure and liking, and pain and disliking, are properly implanted in their souls while yet they cannot understand why; but so that when they get the power of reasoning, its perfect

* Every day, I perceive more and more the importance of accurate verbal training. If the Duke of Argyll, for instance, had but had once well taught him at school the relations of the words *lex*, *lego*, *loi*, and *loyal*; and of *rex*, *rego*, *roi*, and *royal*, (see 'Unto this Last,' p. 73,) he could neither have committed himself to the false title of his treatise on natural history, 'reign of law,' nor to the hollow foundation of his treatise on the tenure of land in the assumption that the long establishment of a human law, whether criminal or not, must make it divinely indisputable. See p. 6 of "A Crack with His Grace the Duke of Argyll." Seton and Mackenzie, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

† Jowett thus translates; but the word here in Plato means, properly, the result of education, spoken of as the habit fixed in the child; 'good breeding' would be the nearest English, but involves the idea of race, which is not here touched by the Greek.

symphony may assure them that they have been rightly moralled into their existing morals. This perfect symphony of the complete soul is properly called virtue; but the part of its tempering which, with respect to pleasure and pain, has been so brought up, from first to last, as to hate what it should hate, and love what it should love, we shall be right in calling its education.

“Now these well-nourished habits of being rightly pained and pleased are, for the most part, loosened and lost by men in the rough course of life; and the Gods, pitying the race born to labour, gave them, for reward of their toil and rest from it, the times of festival to the Gods. And the Gods gave, for companions to them in their festivals, the Muses, and Apollo, the leader of Muses, and Dionysus, that the pure instincts they first had learned might be restored to them while they kept festival with these Gods.

“Now, therefore, we must think whether what is hymned* among us be truly said, and according to nature or not.

“And this is what is said: that every young thing that lives is alike in not being able to keep quiet, but must in some way move and utter itself,—for mere movement's sake, leaping and skipping, as if dancing and at play for pleasure,—and for noise sake,

* A hymn is properly a song embodying sacred tradition; hence, familiarly, the thing commonly said of the Gods.

uttering every sort of sound. And that, indeed, other living creatures have no sense of the laws of order and disorder in movements which we call rhythm and harmony; but to us, those Gods whom we named as fellows with us in our choirs,* these are they who gave us the delightful sense of rhythm and harmony in which we move; and they lead our choirs, binding us together in songs and dances, naming them choruses from the choral joy.

"Shall we, then, receive for truth thus much of their tradition, that the first education must be by the Muses and Apollo?"

"K. So let it be accepted.†

"A. Then the uneducated person will be one who has received no choral discipline; and the educated, one who has been formed to a sufficient degree under the choral laws.

"Also the choir, considered in its wholeness, consists of dance and song; therefore a well-educated person must be one who can sing and dance well.

"K. It would seem so."

And here, that we may not confuse ourselves, or weaken ourselves, with any considerations of the recent disputes whether we have souls or not,—be it simply

* Compare II. 539. 5 (665).

† Henceforward, I omit what seem to me needless of the mere expressions of varied assent which break the clauses of the Athenian's course of thought.

understood that Plato always means by the soul the aggregate of mental powers obtained by scientific culture of the imagination and the passions; and by the body the aggregate of material powers obtained by scientific promotion of exercise and digestion. It is possible for the soul to be strong with a weak body, and the body strong with a weak soul; and in this sense only the two are separately considered, but not necessarily, therefore, considered as finally separable.

And understanding thus much, we can now clearly understand, whether we receive it or not, Plato's distinct assertion that, as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy; and that the proper nourishment of the intellect and passions can no more take place without music, than the proper functions of the stomach and the blood without exercise.

We may be little disposed, at first, to believe this, because we are unaware, in the first place, how much music, from the nurse's song to the military band and the lover's ballad, does really modify existing civilized life; and, in the second place, we are not aware how much higher range, if rightly practical, its influence would reach, of which right practice I must say, before going on with Plato's teaching, that the chief condition is companionship, or choral association, (not so much marked by Plato in words, because he could not conceive of music practised otherwise,) and that for persons incapable

of song to be content in amusement by a professional singer, is as much a sign of decay in the virtue and use of music, as crowded spectators in the amphitheatre sitting to be amused by gladiators are a sign of decline in the virtue and use of war.

And now, we take the grand statement of the evil of *change* in methods of childish play, following on the general discussion of the evil of change:—

“I say, then, that in all cities we have all failed to recognize that the kind of play customary with the children is the principal of the forces that maintain the established laws. For when the kind of play is determined, and so regulated that the children always play and use their fancies in the same way and with the same playthings, this quietness allows the laws which are established in earnest to remain quiet also; but if once the plays are moved and cast in new shapes, always introducing other changes, and none of the young people agreeing with each other in their likings, nor as to what is becoming and unbecoming either in the composure of their bodies or in their dress, but praise in a special way any one who brings in a new fashion whether of composure or colour—nothing, if we say rightly, can be a greater plague (destructive disease) in a city; for he who changes the habits of youth is, indeed, without being noticed, making what is ancient contemptible, and what is new, honourable,—and than this, I repeat, whether

in the belief of it, or the teaching, there cannot be a greater plague inflicted on a city.

“Can we do anything better to prevent this than the Egyptians did; namely, to consecrate every dance and every melody, ordering first the festivals of the year, and determining what days are to be devoted to the Gods, and to the children of the Gods, and to the Angels.* And then to determine also what song at each offering is to be sung; and with what dances each sacrifice to be sanctified; and whatever rites and times are thus ordained, all the citizens in common, sacrificing to the Fates and to all the Gods, shall consecrate with libation.

“I say, then, there should be three choirs to fill, as with enchantment of singing, the souls of children while they are tender, teaching them many other things, of

* I cannot but point out with surprise and regret the very mischievous error of Mr. Jowett's translation in this place of the word ‘*δαιμονες*’—‘heroes.’ Had Plato meant heroes, he would have said heroes, the word in this case being the same in English as in Greek. He means the Spiritual Powers which have lower office of ministration to men; in this sense the word *dæmon* was perfectly and constantly understood by the Greeks, and by the Christian Church adopting Greek terms; and on the theory that the Pagan religion was entirely false, but that its spiritual powers had real existence, the word *dæmon* necessarily came among Christians to mean an evil angel, —just as much an angel as Raphael or Gabriel—but of contrary powers. I cannot therefore use the literal word *dæmon*, because it has this wholly false and misleading association infixed in it; but in translating it ‘angel,’ I give to the English reader its full power and meaning in the Greek mind; being exactly what the term *ἄγγελος*, or messenger, was adopted by the Christians to signify, of their own *good* spirits. There are then, the reader

which we have told and shall tell, but this chiefly and for the head and sum of all, that the life which is noblest is also deemed by the Gods the happiest. Saying this to them, we shall at once say the truest of things, and that of which we shall most easily persuade those whom we ought to persuade." With which we may at once read also this,—II. 540. 2 (665): "That every grown-up person and every child, slave and free, male and female,—and, in a word, the entire city singing to itself—should never pause in repeating such good lessons as we have explained; yet somehow changing, and so inlaying and varying them, that the singers may always be longing to sing, and delighting in it."

must observe generally, four orders of *higher* spiritual powers, honoured by the Greeks:

I. The Gods,—of various ranks, from the highest Twelve to the minor elemental powers, such as Tritons, or Harpies.

II. The Sons of the Gods,—children of the Gods by mortal mothers, as Heracles, or Castor. Rightly sometimes called Demi-Gods.

III. Angels,—spiritual powers in constant attendance on man.

IV. Heroes,—men of consummate virtue, to whose souls religious rites are performed in thankfulness by the peoples whom they saved or exalted, and whose immortal power remains for their protection. I have often elsewhere spoken of the beautiful custom of the Locrians always to leave a vacant place in their charging ranks for the spirit of Ajax Oileus. Of these four orders, however, the first two naturally blend, because the sons of the Gods became Gods after death. Hence the real orders of spiritual powers *above* humanity, are three—Gods, Angels, Heroes, (as we shall find presently, in the passage concerning prayer and praise.) associated with the spirits on the ordinary level of humanity, of Home, and of Ancestors. Compare Fors, Letter LXX., p. 320.

And this is to be ordered according to the ages of the people and the ranks of the deities. For the choir of the Muses is to be of children, up to the age of sixteen; after that, the choir of Apollo, formed of those who have learned perfectly the mastery of the lyre,—from sixteen to thirty; and then the choir of Dionysus, of the older men, from thirty to sixty; and after sixty, being no longer able to sing, they should become mythologists, relating in divine tradition the moral truths they formerly had sung. II. 528. 12 (664).

At this point, if not long before, I imagine my reader stopping hopelessly, feeling the supreme uselessness of such a conception as this, in modern times, and its utter contrariness to everything taught as practical among us. 'Belief in Gods! belief in divine tradition of Myths! Old men, as a class, to become mythologists, instead of misers! and music, throughout life, to be the safeguard of morality!—What futility is it to talk of such things *now*.

Yes, to a certain extent this impression is true. Plato's scheme was impossible even in his own day,—as Bacon's New Atlantis in *his* day—as Calvin's reform in *his* day—as Goethe's Academe in his. Out of the good there was in all these men, the world gathered what it could find of evil, made its useless Platonism out of Plato, its graceless Calvinism out of Calvin, determined Bacon to be the meanest of mankind, and of Goethe gathered only a luscious story of seduction,

and daintily singable devilry. Nothing in the dealings of Heaven with Earth is so wonderful to me as the way in which the evil angels are allowed to spot, pervert, and bring to nothing, or to worse, the powers of the greatest men: so that Greece must be ruined, for all that Plato can say,—Geneva for all that Calvin can say,—England for all that Sir Thomas More and Bacon can say;—and only Gounod's Faust to be the visible outcome to Europe of the school of Weimar.

What, underneath all that visible ruin, these men have done in ministry to the continuous soul of this race, may yet be known in the day when the wheat shall be gathered into the garner. But I can't go on with my work now; besides, I had a visit yesterday from the friend who wrote me that letter about speaking more gently of things and people, and he brought me a sermon of the Bishop of Manchester's to read,—which begins with the sweetly mild and prudent statement that St. Paul, while "wading in the perilous depths" of anticipations of immortality, and *satisfied* that there would be a victory over the grave, and that mortality would be swallowed up of life, *wisely* brought his readers' thoughts back from *dreamland* to reality, by bidding them simply be steadfast, unmovable—always abounding in the work of the Lord,—forasmuch as they knew that their labour would not be in vain in the Lord; and in which, farther on, the Bishop, feeling the knowledge in modern times not quite so positive on that

subject, supports his own delicately suggested opinions by quoting Mr. John Stuart Mill, who "in his posthumous essays admits that though the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is probably an illusion, it is morally so valuable that it had better be retained,"—a sentence, by the way, which I recommend to the study of those friends of mine who were so angry with me for taxing Mr. John Stuart Mill with dishonesty, on the subject of rent. ('Time and Tide,' pp. 168—170.)

Well, all this, the sermon, and the quotations in it, and the course of thought they have led me into, are entirely paralyzing to me in the horrible sense they give me of loathsome fallacy and fatuity pervading every syllable of our modern words, and every moment of our modern life; and of the uselessness of asking such people to read any Plato, or Bacon, or Sir Thomas More, or to do anything of the true work of the Lord, forasmuch as they *don't* know, and seem to have no capacity for learning, that such labour shall not be in vain. But I will venture once more to warn the Bishop against wading, himself, in the "perilous depths" of anticipations of immortality, until he has answered my simple question to him, whether he considers usury a work of the Lord? And he will find, if he has "time" to look at them, in last Fors, some farther examples of the Lord's work of that nature, done by England in India just now, in which his diocese of Manchester is somewhat practically concerned.

I cannot go on with my work, therefore, in this temper, and indeed perhaps this much of Plato is enough for one letter;—but I must say, at least, what it is all coming to.

If you will look back to the 67th page of 'Time and Tide,' you will find the work I am now upon, completely sketched out in it, saying finally that "the action of the devilish or deceiving person is in nothing shown quite so distinctly among us at this day, not even in our commercial dishonesties, or social cruelties, as in its having been able to take away music as an instrument of education altogether, and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstition on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other. And then follows the promise that, after explaining, as far as I know it, the significance of the parable of the Prodigal Son, (done in 'Time and Tide,' ss. 175—178,) I should "take the three means of human joy therein stated, fine dress, rich food, and music, and show you how these are meant all alike to be sources of life and means of moral discipline, to all men, and how they have all three been made by the devil the means of guilt, dissoluteness, and death."

This promise I have never fulfilled, and after seven years am only just coming to the point of it. Which is, in few words, that to distribute good food, beautiful dress, and the practical habit of delicate art, is the proper work of the fathers and mothers of every people for help of those who have been lost in guilt and misery:

and that only by *direct* doing of these three things can they now act beneficently or helpfully to any soul capable of reformation. Therefore, you who are eating luxurious dinners, call in the tramp from the highway and share them with him,—so gradually you will understand how your brother came to *be* a tramp; and practically make your own dinners plain till the poor man's dinner is rich,—or you are no Christians; and you who are dressing in fine dress, put on blouses and aprons, till you have got your poor dressed with grace and decency,—or you are no Christians; and you who can sing and play on instruments, hang your harps on the pollards above the rivers you have poisoned, or else go down among the mad and vile and deaf things whom you have made, and put melody into the souls of them,—else you are no Christians.

No Christians, you; no, nor have you even the making of a Christian in you. Alms and prayers, indeed, alone, won't make one, but they have the bones and substance of one in the womb; and you—poor modern Judasian—have lost not only the will to give, or to pray, but the very understanding of what gift and prayer mean. “Give, and it shall be given to you,”—not by God, forsooth, you think, in glorious answer of gift, but only by the Jew money-monger in twenty per cent., and let no benevolence be done that will not pay. “Knock, and it shall be

opened to you,"—nay, never by God, in miraculous answer, but perchance you may be allowed to amuse yourself, with the street boys, in rat-tat-tatting on the knocker; or perchance you may be taken for a gentleman, if you elegantly ring the visitors' bell,—till the policeman Death comes down the street, and stops the noise of you.

Wretch that you are, if indeed, calling yourself a Christian, you *can* find any dim fear of God, or any languid love of Christ, mixed in the dregs of you,—then, for God's sake, learn at least what prayer means, from Hezekiah and Isaiah, and not from the last cockney curly-tailed puppy who yaps and snaps in the 'Nineteenth Century,'*—and for Christ's sake, learn what alms mean, from the Lord who gave you His Life, and not from the lady patronesses of the last charity ball.

Learn what these mean, Judasian Dives, if it may be,—while Lazarus yet lies among the dogs,—while yet there is no gulf fixed between you and the heavens,—while yet the stars in their courses do not *forbid* you to think their Guide is mindful of you. For truly the day is coming of which Isaiah told—
"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath sur-

* Nevertheless, I perceive at last a change coming over the spirit of our practical literature, and commend all the recent papers by Lord Blackford, Mr. Oxenham, Mr. Mallock, and Mr. Hewlett, very earnestly to my own readers' attention.

prised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" And the day of which he told is coming, also, when the granaries of the plains of heaven, and the meres of its everlasting hills, shall be opened, and poured forth for its children; and the bread shall be given, and the water shall be sure, for him "that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly—that despiseth the gain of oppressions—that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes—that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil. He shall dwell on high—his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks." Yea, blessing, beyond all blessing in the love of mortal friend, or the light of native land,—“Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the Land that is far away.”

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

Prospering. The Companions must take this brief statement, for once, with as much faith as if it were the chairman's of an insolvent railway, for I have no space to tell them more.

II. Affairs of the Master.

Too many for him: and it is quite certain he can't continue to ride so many horses at once, or keep so many balls in the air. All that he thinks it needful, in this Fors, to say, is that, whatever he may cease hope of doing, he will not fail from St. George's work, as long as he has strength for any work at all.

III. I give a general answer to the following letter, asking my correspondent's pardon for anything which may seem severe, or inapplicable, in his own special case. There are also, I fear, one or two words misprinted or misplaced in the letter—but I have carelessly lost the MS., and cannot correct.

"Dear Sir,—I venture to address you upon a matter that concerns me very much—viz., the leisure time of my existence. Nine hours of each day are taken up as employer (sedentary business); three hours of which, perhaps, working myself. One hour and a half, each, devoted to the study of music and drawing

or painting. Five hours yet remaining walking to or from business, meals, physical exercise,—this last of the usual gymnastic useless pattern.

“I cannot but think that there must be many others like situated—perhaps *compelled* to plunge with the stream of the questionable morality of modern commerce, or in other various ways making it utterly impossible, during that portion of the day, to follow out the life you teach us to live,—yet who feel and desire that that portion of day they can really call their own, should be spent in a true rounded manly development, and as far as may be in harmony with that which is eternally right. I do not know of any prescribed detail you have made with special reference to this compromised class, and this is the only excuse I can offer for writing to you—you that are the source of all that I feel deepest in religion and morality: fathom it I cannot, yet feel deeper and stronger each succeeding year, all that I love in nature and art I owe to you; and this debt of gratitude has made me bold to try and make it greater.

“Ever gratefully yours.”

If we know there is a God, and mean to please Him, or if even (which is the utmost we can generally say, for the best of our faith, if we think there is so much hope, or danger, of there being a God as to make it prudent in us to try to discover whether there be or not, in the only way He has allowed us to ascertain the fact, namely, doing as we have heard that He has bidden us,) we may be sure He can never be pleased by the form of compromise with circumstances, that all the business of our day shall be wrong, on the principle of sacrificial atonement, that the play of it shall be right;—or perhaps not even that *quite* right, but in my correspondent's cautious phrase, only “as far as may be, in harmony with what is right.”

Now the business ‘necessities’ of the present day are the

precise form of idolatry which is, at the present day, *crucially* forbidden by Christ; precisely as falling down to worship graven images, or eating meat offered to idols, was *crucially* forbidden in earlier times. And it is by enduring the persecution, or death, which may be implied in abandoning 'business necessities' that the Faith of the Believer, whether in the God of the Jew or Christian, must be *now* tried and proved.

But in order to make such endurance possible, of course our side must be openly taken, and our companions in the cause known; this being also needful, that our act may have the essential virtue of Witness dom, or as we idly translate it, Martyr-dom.

This is the practical reason for joining a guild, and signing at least the Creed of St. George, which is so worded as to be acceptable by all who are resolved to serve God, and withdraw from idolatry.*

But for the immediate question in my correspondent's case—

First. Keep a working man's dress at the office, and always walk home and return in it; so as to be able to put your hand to anything that is useful. Instead of the fashionable vanities of competitive gymnastics, learn common forge work, and to plane and saw well;—then, if you find in the city you live in, that everything which human hands and arms are able, and human mind willing, to do, of pulling, pushing, carrying, making, or cleaning—(see in last Fors the vulgar schoolmistress's notion of the civilization implied in a mechanical broom)—is done by machinery,—you will come clearly to understand, what I have never been able yet to beat, with any quantity of *verbal*

* The magnificent cheat which the Devil played on the Protestant sect, from Knox downwards, in making them imagine that Papists were disbelieving idolaters, and thus entirely effacing all spiritual meaning from the word 'idolatry,' was the consummation of his great victory over the Christian Church, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

hammering, into my readers' heads,—that, as long as living breath-engines, and their glorious souls and muscles, stand idle in the streets, to dig coal out of pits to drive dead steam-engines, is an absurdity, waste, and wickedness, for which—I am bankrupt in terms of contempt,—and politely finish my paragraph—"My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Secondly. Of simple exercises, learn to walk and run at the utmost speed consistent with health: do this by always going at the quickest pace you can in the streets, and by steadily, though minutely, increasing your pace over a trial piece of ground, every day. Learn also dancing, with extreme precision; and wrestling, if you have any likely strength; in summer, also rowing in sea-boats; or barge-work, on calm water; and, in winter, (with skating of course,) quarterstaff and sword-exercise.

IV. The following extract from the report of the Howard Association is of great value and importance :—

"INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION *versus* CRIME.—Several years ago the Secretary of the Howard Association, having to visit the chief prisons of Holland and Belgium, took occasion to notice other social institutions of those countries, and on his return to England invited attention (in many newspapers) to the very useful tendency of the cheap technical schools of Holland, for the industrial training of poor children. Many circumstances indicate that public and legislative attention is more than ever needed to this question. For the extension of intellectual teaching through the 'Board Schools,' valuable as it is, has not, as yet, been accompanied by an adequate popular conviction that mere head knowledge, apart from *handicraft* skill, is a very one-sided aspect of education, and if separated from the latter, may in general be compared to rowing a boat with one oar. (Far worse than that, to loading it with rubbish till it sinks.—J. R.) Indeed, popular intellectual education, if

separated from its two essential complements—*religious* and *industrial* training—is an engine fraught with terrible mischief.

“An instructive leading article in the ‘Hull Packet’ (of May 11th, 1877) complains of a great increase of juvenile crime in that large town, where, at times, the spectacle has been witnessed of ‘gangs of young thieves lining the front of the dock, several of them so small that they had to be placed upon a box or stool to enable the magistrates to see them.’ *And the crimes of those children are not only more numerous but more serious than formerly.* The Editor adds, ‘*It is singular that the rapid increase should date from the time that the Education Act came into force.*’ Here again is indicated the necessity for manual training in addition to head knowledge.*

“In connection with *industrial* education, it may also be mentioned that during the year a veteran member of this Association, ex-Sheriff Watson (of Ratho, N.B.) has published a pamphlet, ‘Pauperism and Industrial Education in Aberdeenshire’ (Blackwood), in which he shows that a very remarkable diminution of crime and pauperism has taken place in that particular county as compared with the rest of Scotland, owing mainly to *industrial* day schools. The children came from their own homes at seven or eight o’clock a.m.; had breakfast, dinner, and supper; were employed three hours daily in learning, and religious instruction, and five hours in *manual industry*, and returned to their own homes at night. It is stated, ‘When all these elements are combined and skilfully applied, success is certain. *When any one of them is left out, failure is equally sure.*’

(I do not quite know what the writer means by ‘learning’ in this passage. But I can assure him, whatever he means by it, *that* element may be left out harmlessly, if only the child be taught good manners, religious faith, and manual skill.—J. R.)

* Italics mine.

V. I have not time, alas, to comment on the following two letters; except only to say that the introductory one is from a Companion of the Guild; and that the introduced one is the most extraordinary testimony to the practical powers of children, rightly educated, which I have ever seen or heard of. Here is little Hercules, again visible to us in his cradle, and no more in myth, but a living symbol! If any practical reader should be too much pained by the sentimental names of the children, let him read, to refresh himself, the unsentimental oration of the 'Scotsman' in the last article of our Correspondence.

"24th July, 1877.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—When Mr. Ward was here the other evening, we were reading a letter from a cousin of ours who has been several years in California; and he said he thought you would like it for Fors; so I send some extracts—more perhaps than are suitable for Fors,—but I thought you might like to see them. The gentleman was an English doctor, and practised for many years in Ceylon, and has been almost all over the world. He married a gentle, well-educated English lady, and they have seven children. 'Neenee's' name is 'Irene Dolores'; the boy they call 'Buddha' is 'Everest,' after the highest mountain in Hindostan. 'Nannie' is 'Ianthé.' Every word of the letter is true, for 'Gus' couldn't exaggerate or prevaricate in the slightest possible degree.

"Ever yours sincerely."

"15th May, 1877.

"I am running two farms, about four miles apart—one with goats (Angora), and the other grain, sheep, and pigs. My time is at present entirely occupied, and all of us are busy all the time. Percy and Nannie herd the goats just now, and will have to, for another month, as they are kidding, and we are

milking them. We have about 222 goats, all the Angoras which produce mohair. They are the most beautiful creatures you ever saw. Percy is only five, yet he killed a rattlesnake a few days ago, about four feet long, and as big as my arm; it was as much as he could carry with both hands, when he brought it home in triumph. Nannie nearly trod on it, and he killed it for her. I can't afford to get the children boots, so they are obliged to look out sharp for snakes. Buddha trod on an enormous rattlesnake the other day, but his naked foot did not hurt it, so it did not bite him.

"On the other farm I have about 400 merino sheep and 70 hogs. The children all have their work to do. Percy, Nannie, and Buddha herd goats. Zoe and Neenee look after the baby and the younger children, and dress and wash them, lay the table, help cook, and wash dishes; and the mother makes all our clothes. We live roughly, but we have plenty to eat and drink. All our plans as to coming home are knocked on the head, and I have determined not to entertain the idea again, but to settle down here for good. Farming is slow work, but we shall get on in time; and if we don't, the boys will. We will educate them the best we can, and I don't think much of education or civilization anyhow. Zoe is learning the violin, and I shall buy a zithern for Neenee. All the children have an excellent ear for music, and Zoe bids fair to have a very fine voice. The boys will have been brought up to this sort of farming, and will have a good chance to get on, I think. For a man with a lot of children, Cala is the best place. I don't wish to have anything more to do with medicine,—it's all a big humbug. For the most part farming is honest;—anyhow, at least it's possible to be an honest farmer.

"I am just about to enlarge the house. The climate is the best in the world. We live very roughly, and perhaps a little

slovenly; but we have lots to eat and drink,—three good square meals every day; and after this year shall have fruit.

“I believe we are fixtures here now: indeed I mean to dig me a grave on the top of our hill, so as to get as near to heaven as possible.

“I think, on the whole, the kids will have a better chance here than at home.* Besides, the times will be bad at home now. You are drifting into a terrible war, in the course of which England will lose India, I think,—not altogether directly by Russia, but by revolt of the natives.”

VI. A letter of deep import from my old friend and correspondent in ‘Time and Tide,’ Mr. Dixon. It shall be commented on at length in next Fors: meantime, I commend with sternest ratification, to all my readers, Mr. George Mitchell’s letter in the ‘Builder’ for August 25th of this year..

“15, SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND, 15th Sept., 1877.

“Dear Sir,—I omitted in my last to inform you that the new Labour League of America is a revival of the old ideas that were promulgated by the Anabaptists in the time of Luther, in Germany, in the Peasants’ War, and then again by the French Revolutionists, 1789. The leader Schawb is one of the leaders of the ‘Internationalists’ who figured in the Paris Commune days. A very good summary of their ideas and plans was given in a series of articles in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’ a few years ago. I possess several of their programmes, though of late I have heard very little of them. I enclose a cutting respecting their Congress this year on the Continent.

“I will try to procure something of more detail, for I am

* Very certainly, my friend;—but what is the chance of home, if all the kids good for anything are in California?

very deeply interested in this organization, though I do not agree with all the principles they advocate. I see in it a great principle for the good of the working classes if it was rightly and justly conducted. It aims to unite the working classes of every country in one bond of universal brotherhood. It is opposed to war, strikes, and all such like combinations having *force* as the principal means of attaining the amelioration of the evils they suffer from. The original ideas were of a simple, gradual, progressive character, but ultimated in the fierce rabid actions that stained the Commune in Paris, the result of being led by fierce wild men. In a novel entitled 'The Universalist,' is a very good account of their aims, only it is coloured with a novelist's romantic way of depicting such matters.

"If you care for more respecting them, I can, I think, send you some particulars. I enclose you Bright's speech at Manchester, which seems not so jubilant as he used to be of the progress of our people: his allusion to Venice seemed akin to some thoughts of yours, so thought would interest you; also his allusion to the Indian Famine, and our neglect of our duty to these people.

"Was the leisure of the Greeks not due to the hard work of the helots and slaves they had? Is *our* leisure, or rather the leisure of our rich people, not due to the work done by our workpeople? Just think of the leisure of our people,—think of the idle lives of the daughters of our tradespeople: it seems to me there is more leisure enjoyed now by our people than ever was enjoyed by any people—I mean the rich and trading classes.

"When I visit the houses of our trading classes I feel amazed to see the gradual change in their circumstances within these few years,—the style of life they live, the servants they keep, the almost idle lives of their sons and daughters. Then see the way in which we live,—how different to the simple style

of our forefathers! If our lives were simpler, if we all had to labour somewhat like our old people, then how different it would be!

"Yours respectfully,

"THOMAS DIXON."

Well said, my old friend: but you must not confuse fevered idleness with leisure.

All questions raised either by my Manchester or Newcastle correspondent, respecting our want or possession of leisure, are answered by the following short extract from Plato:—

"*The Athenian*. Do we then all recognize the reason why, in our cities, such noble choirs and exercise have all but passed away;—or shall we only say that it is because of the ignorance of the people and their legislators?

"*The Cretan*. Perhaps so.

"*A*. Ah no, you too simple Cleinias! there are two other causes; and causes enough they are, too.

"*C*. Which mean you?

"*A*. The first, the love of riches, leaving no moment of leisure" (making all Time leisureless) "to care about anything but one's own possessions, upon which the soul of every citizen being suspended, cannot contain any other thought but of his daily gain. And whatever knowledge or skill may conduce to such gain,—*that*, he is most ready in private to learn and practise; but mocks at every other. Here then is one of the causes we look for, that no one cares any more to be earnest in any good or honourable thing; but every man, in insatiable thirst for gold and silver, will submit himself to any art or trick if only he can grow rich by it, and do any deed,—be it holy, be it profane, or be it utterly vile,—reluctant at nothing, if only he may get the power, like a beast, to eat and drink his fill of every kind, and fulfil to the uttermost all his lusts."

—*Laws*, VIII. 351. 20 (831).

VII. The following public voice of the New Town of Edinburgh, on the 'inevitable' in Scotland, may perhaps enable some of my readers to understand at last when I said, seven years ago, that I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh;—namely, because I loved the Old one,—and the better Burg that shall be for ever.

I have yet one other modern oration to set beside this; and then I will say my say of both.

"A letter which we print elsewhere, written by an able practical farmer, appeals strongly to the Highland and Agricultural Society to do something 'to stay the plague of depopulation of men and valuable live-stock, and to dislodge the wild beasts and birds which have been the cause of so much injury to Scottish agriculture.' The request will seem, on the face of it, to be strange, if not unintelligible, seeing that there are more people in Scotland now than ever there were before, and that Scottish agriculture, judged by what it brings to market, produces more than ever it did. A perusal of the whole of the letter, however, will show what it is that the writer means. He has been looking at a farm, or what used to be a sheep farm, somewhere in the north, and he finds that it is now given up to game. The land was, he says, thirty or forty years ago divided into four or five average-sized farms, each having tenants, and carefully cultivated in the lower-lying parts, while on the hills cattle and sheep fed. Altogether these farms afforded a 'livelihood to quiet and industrious tenants and peasants, giving the owners fair rentals, with certainty or advance by judicious outlay in permanent improvements.' Now all this is changed. There are no men, horses, cattle, or sheep, only game. The sheep-drains are choked, and the lands are boggy. This, then, is what the writer means by depopulation, and by injury to Scottish agriculture. Of course he sees in it great national injury in the shape of limitation of the area of land fitted for agriculture, and in the lessening of the meat

supply, and, as we have said, he calls upon the Highland and Agricultural Society to do something to bring back the people and the farms.

“The question will naturally be asked, What can the Highland and Agricultural Society do? Perhaps, too, most people will ask, Ought it to do anything? The writer of the letter is laudably anxious for the extension and improvement of the business in which he is engaged, and he regards the afforesting of sheep land as a great offence. But can it be so regarded by the Highland and Agricultural Society, or by the country generally? It may be that many of us would think the land better used as a sheep farm than as a game forest; but that is not the question. *What the landlord has had to decide* has been how to make the most *profitable* use of his property, and he has apparently found that he could make more of it for sporting purposes than he could for farming. ‘There’s a greater interest at stake than the sheep farmer,’ said the gamekeeper to our correspondent, who adds that ‘you discover that some wealthy Cockney pays more for six weeks blowing off powder and shot than the sheep farmer can pay for a whole year. Well, that is the whole question in a nutshell—the land lets for more to the sportsman than to the farmer. *What would be thought of the landlord* as a man of business if he did not let his land in the best market? Our correspondent would think it hard if anybody sought to place restrictions upon the sale of his produce. The people who denounce all intoxicating liquors are in the habit of showing that the consumption of barley in breweries and distilleries is an enormous abstraction from the food of the people for purposes which have no value—nay, which they assert are positively injurious. What would our correspondent think if it was proposed to compel him to grow less barley or to sell his barley for other purposes than brewing or distillation? He would say, and rightly, that

it was a grossly improper interference with his right to make the most of his business; yet it would really be no worse in principle than what he virtually proposes in the case of landlords. To say that they must not let their land for sporting purposes, and that they must let it for agriculture, would be a limitation of their market exactly the same in principle, and proportionately the same in effect, as a law preventing farmers from selling their barley to brewers, and compelling them to use it or sell it only for the feeding of cattle. The mistake of supposing that landlords ought to have some peculiar economic principles applied to them in the sense of restricting the use to which they shall put their land is common enough, but the reasons given are, as a rule, *sentimental* rather than practical. It may be said that the complaint of our correspondent as to the abstraction of land from agriculture, and the consequent lessening of the supply of food, is practical. In the same sense so is the complaint of the total abstiners as to barley, and so would be an objection to the sale or feuing of land for building purposes; but they are not convincing. In the neighbourhood of every great town many acres of land that would have produced food have been covered with buildings; ought the extension of towns, therefore, to be prohibited by law?

“The depopulation of the country districts is a favourite theme with *sentimental* people, who will persist in fighting against the inevitable, and speaking of that as a crime which is in fact the operation of a *natural law*. (4) Like our correspondent, they draw loving pictures of small farms and numerous tenants, giving the impression that when these could be seen, the times were blissful and the nation strong. According to these theorists, not only were the farmers and peasantry numerous, but they were happy, contented, and prosperous; and now they are all gone, to the injury of the country. If the picture were in all respects faithful, it would not show that any action to prevent the change would

have been possible or successful. It is as certain as anything can be that so long as better wages and better living are to be got in towns, working people will not stay in the country. Census returns show that while the population of the rural districts is steadily decreasing, that of the towns is as steadily and rapidly increasing; the reason being that people can earn more in towns than they can in the country. Nor is that all. It cannot be doubted that the tendency to throw several small farms into a single large one, while it has helped the decrease of the population, has largely increased the quantity of food produced. The crofter's life alternated between barely enough and starvation. It was rare that he could get before the world. His means being small, he could not cultivate his land to advantage, and what he did cost him heavily. He had to do wearily and wastefully what the large farmer can do with ease and economically. No doubt many of the crofters clung to their mode of life—they knew no other. But with the spread of railways, the increase of steamboats, the opening of roads, and the accessibility of newspapers, they learned to change their opinions, as they discovered that they could shake off their misery and live comparatively well without half the anxiety or actual labour that accompanied their life of semi-starvation. It would probably be found that, in the cases where changes were made by compulsion and by wholesale, the people who were sent away are now highly grateful for what was done. Whether that be the case or not, however, it is certain that what is called the depopulation of the country districts will go on as long as the towns offer greater inducements to the people. It seems to be thought not only that landlords ought to be compelled to let their land in small farms, but that some people should be compelled to occupy them. That is the logical inference from the complaints that are made, and it is enough to state it to show its absurdity. Nothing of the kind is or ought to be possible. Land and its cultivation must be on a perfectly

business footing if there is to be real progress and if no injustice is to be done. The people who complain of depopulation are not, as a rule, those whose lot in having to leave their patches of land is thought to be so hard, but theorists and sentimentalists who, if they could have their way, would inflict terrible evils upon the country. It is not meant that our correspondent is one of these. He probably talks of depopulation rather as a fashion of speaking than as advancing a theory, or because he is actuated by a sentiment. He is a farmer, and does not like to see a farm become a forest: that is why he complains. Yet he would no doubt admit that every man is entitled to do the best he can for himself provided he does no injury to others. That is a rule which he would insist upon in his own case, and properly; and he will find it very difficult to show cause why it should not also be applied to crofters and landlords."—*Scotsman*, 20th June, 1877.

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTER LXXXIII.

“WAS the leisure of the Greeks not owing to the hard work of the helots and slaves they had?” asked my old friend, Thomas Dixon, in his letter given last month.

Yes, truly, good labourer; nor the Greeks' leisure only, but also—if we are to call it leisure—that of the rich and powerful of this world, since this world began. And more and more I perceive, as my old age opens to me the deeper secrets of human life, that the true story and strength of that world are the story and strength of these helots and slaves; and only its fiction and feebleness in the idleness of those who feed on them:—which fiction and feebleness, with all their cruelty and sensuality, filling the cup of the fornication of the kings of the earth now to the lip, must be, in no long time now, poured out upon the earth; and the cause of the poor judged by the King who shall reign in righteousness. For all these

petty struggles of the past, of which you write to me, are but the scudding clouds and first wailing winds, of the storm which must be as the sheet lightning—from one part of heaven to the other,—“So also shall the coming of the Son of Man be.”

Only the first scudding clouds, I say,—these hitherto seditions ; for, as yet, they have only been of the ambitious, or the ignorant ; and only against tyrannous men : so that they ended, if successful, in mere ruinous license ; and if they failed, were trampled out in blood : but *now*, the ranks are gathering, on the one side, of men rightly informed, and meaning to seek redress by lawful and honourable means only ; and, on the other, of men capable of compassion, and open to reason, but with personal interests at stake so vast, and with all the gear and mechanism of their acts so involved in the web of past iniquity, that the best of them are helpless, and the wisest blind.

No debate, on such terms, and on such scale, has yet divided the nations ; nor can any wisdom foresee the sorrow, or the glory, of its decision. One thing only we know, that in this contest, assuredly, the victory cannot be by violence ; that every conquest under the Prince of War retards the standards of the Prince of Peace ; and that every good servant must abide his Master's coming in the patience, not the refusal, of his daily labour.

Patiently, and humbly, I resume my own, not know-

ing whether shall prosper—either this or that ; caring only that, in so far as it reaches and remains, it may be faithful and true.

Following the best order I can in my notes,—interrupted by the Bishop's sermon in last letter,—I take, next, Plato's description of the duties of the third choir, namely that of men between the ages of thirty and sixty ; VII. 316, 9. (812).

“We said, then, that the sixty-years-old singers in the service of Dionysus should be, beyond other men, gifted with fine sense of rhythm, and of the meetings together of harmonies ; so that, being able to choose, out of imitative melody, what is well and ill represented of the soul in its passion, and well discerning the picture of the evil spirit from the picture of the good, they may cast away that which has in it the likeness of evil, and bring forward into the midst that which has the likeness of good ; and hymn and sing *that* into the souls of the young, calling them forth to pursue the possession of virtue, by means of such likenesses. And for this reason the sounds of the lyre ought to be used for the sake of clearness in the chords ;* the master and pupil keeping both their voices in one note together with the chord : but the changes of the voice and variety of the lyre, the chords

* ‘Chord,’ in the Greek use, means only one of the strings of the instrument, not a concord of notes. The lyre is used instead of the flute, that the music may be subordinate always to the words.

giving one tune, and the poet another melody, and the oppositions of many notes to few, and of slow to swift, sometimes in symphony, sometimes in antiphony, the rhythm of the song also in every sort of complication inlaying itself among the sounds of the lyre,—with all this, the pupils who have to learn what is useful of music in only three years, must have nothing to do: for things opposed, confusing each other, are difficult to learn: and youth, as far as possible, should be set at ease in learning.”*

I think this passage alone may show the reader that the Greeks knew more of music than modern orchestral fiddlers fancy. For the essential work of Stradiuarius, in substituting the violin for the lyre and harp, was twofold. Thenceforward, (A) instrumental music became the captain instead of the servant of the voice; and (B) skill of instrumental music, as so developed, became impossible in the ordinary education of a gentleman. So that, since his time, old King Cole has called for his fiddlers three, and Squire Western sent Sophia to the harpsichord when he was drunk: but of souls won by Orpheus, or cities built by Amphion, we hear no more.

Now the reader must carefully learn the meanings of the—no fewer than seven—distinct musical terms used by Plato in the passages just given. The word I have

* Not by having smooth or level roads made for it, but by being plainly shown, and steadily cheered in; the rough and steep.

translated 'changes of the voice' is, in the Greek, technical,—'heterophony'; and we have besides, rhythm, harmony, tune, melody, symphony, and antiphony.

Of these terms 'rhythm' means essentially the time and metre; 'harmony' the fixed relation of any high note to any low one;* 'tune' the air given by the instrument; 'melody' the air given by the voice; 'symphony' the concord of the voice with the instrument, or with companion voices; 'diaphony' their discord; 'antiphony' their opposition; and 'heterophony' their change.

And it will do more for us than merely fasten the sense of the terms, if we now re-read in last *Fors* the passage (page 315) respecting the symphony of acquired reason with rightly compelled affection; and then those following pieces respecting their diaphony, from an earlier part of the *Laws*, III. 39, 8. (688), where the concordant verdict of thought and heart is first spoken of as the ruling virtue of the four cardinal; namely, "Prudence, with true conception and true

* The apparently vague use of the word 'harmony' by the Greeks is founded on their perception that there is just as fixed a relation of influence on each other between high and low notes following in a well-composed melody as when they are sounded together in a single chord. That is to say, the notes in their assigned sequence relatively increase the pleasure with which each is heard, and in that manner act 'harmoniously,' though not heard at the same instant. But the definition of the mingled chord is perfect in II. 539, 3. (665). "And to the order" (time) "of motion the name 'rhythm' is given, and to the mingling of high and low in sound, the name of 'harmony,' and the unison of both these we call 'chorea.'"

opinion, and the loves and desires that follow on these. For indeed, the Word* returns to the same point, and what I said before, (if you will have it so, half in play,) now I say again in true earnest, that prayer itself is deadly on the lips of a fool, unless he would pray that God would give him the contrary of his desires. And truly you will discern, if you follow out the Word in its fulness, that the ruin of the Doric cities never came on them because of cowardice, nor because their kings knew not how to make war; but because they knew not nobler human things, and were indeed ignorant with the greatest and fatallest of ignorances. And the greatest of ignorances, if you will have me tell it you, is this: when a man, judging truly of what is honourable and good, yet loves it not, but hates it, and loves and caresses with his soul what he perceives to be base and unjust,—this diaphony of his pain and pleasure with the rational verdict of his intellect, I call the last of ignorances; and the greatest, because it is in the multitude of the soul's thoughts." †

Presently afterwards—though I do not, because of the introduction of other subjects in the sentence, go

* I write, Word' (Logos) with the capital initial when it stands in the original for the 'entire course of reasoning,' since to substitute this long phrase would weaken the sentences fatally. But no mystic or divine sense is attached to the term 'Logos' in these places.

† Note David, of the contrary state—

"In the *multitude* of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts *delight* my soul."

on translating—this same ignorance is called the ‘out-of-tune-est’ of all; there being scarcely a word in Greek social philosophy which has not reference to musical law; and scarcely a word in Greek musical science which has not understood reference to social law.

So that in final definition—(II. 562, 17. (673)—“The whole Chorea is whole child-education for us, consisting, as we have seen, in the rhythms and harmonies which belong to sound, (for as there is a rhythm in the movement of the body, so there is a rhythm in the movement of sound, and the movement of sound we call tune). And *the movement of sound, so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue*, (we know not how,) we call MUSIC.”

You see from this most important passage that the Greeks only called ‘Music’ the kind of sound which induced right moral feeling, (“they knew not *how*,” but they knew it *did*), and any other kind of sound than that, however beautiful to the ear or scientific in composition, they did not call ‘Music’ (exercise under the Muses), but ‘Amusia,’—the denial, or desolation for want, of the Muses. Word now become of wide use in modern society; most accurately, as the Fates have ordained, yet by an equivocation in language; for the old French verb ‘muser,’ ‘to think in a dreamy manner,’ came from the Latin ‘musso,’ ‘to speak low,’ or whisper, and not from the Greek word ‘muse.’

But it once having taken the meaning of meditation, 'a-muser,' 'to dispel musing,' became a verb very dear to generations of men whom any manner of thoughtfulness tormented; and,—such their way of life—could not but torment: whence the modern 'amusement' has practically established itself as equivalent to the Greek 'amusia.'

The Greek himself, however, did not express his idea fully in language, but only in myth. His 'amusia' does not mean properly the opposing delightfulness, but only the interruption, and violation, of musical art. The proper word for the opposed delightful art would have been 'sirenic;' but he was content in the visionary symbol, and did not need the word, for the disciples of the Sirens of course asserted their songs to be Music as much as the disciples of the Muses. First, therefore, take this following passage respecting the violation of music, and then we will go on to consider its opposition.

III. 47, 10. (690). "For now, indeed, we have traced such a fountain of seditions as well needs healing; and first consider, in this matter, how, and against what, the kings of Argos and Messene sinned, when they destroyed at once themselves and the power of the Greeks, marvellous great as it was in their time. Was not their sin that they refused to acknowledge the utter rightness of Hesiod in his saying that 'the half is often more than the whole?' For, when to take the whole

is mischievous, but the half, a measured and moderated good, then the measured good is more than the unmeasured, as better is more than worse.

“*The Cretan.* It is a most right and wise saying.

“*The Athenian.* Whether, then, are we to think, of the kings, that it was this error in *their* hearts that in each several case destroyed them, or that the mischief entered first into the heart of the people?

“*The Cretan.* In all likelihood, for the most part, the disease was in the kings, living proudly because of luxury.

“*The Athenian.* Is it not evident, as well as likely, that the kings first fell into this guilt of grasping at more than the established laws gave them: and with what by speech and oath they had approved, they kept no symphony in act; and their diaphony, as we said, being indeed the uttermost ignorance, yet seeming wisdom, through breaking of tune and sharp amusia, destroyed all those noble things?”

Now in applying this great sentence of Plato's to the parallel time in England, when her kings “kept no symphony in act with what by word and oath they had approved,” and so destroyed at once themselves and the English power, “marvellous great as it was in their time”—the ‘sharp amusia’ of Charles I. and his Cavaliers was indeed in grasping at more than the established laws gave them; but an entirely contrary—or, one might technically call it, ‘flat amusia’—met it on the other

side, and ruined Cromwell and his Roundheads. Of which flat or dead amusia Plato had seen no instance, and could not imagine it; and for the laying bare its root, we must seek to the truest philosopher of our own days, from whose good company I have too long kept the reader,—Walter Scott.

When he was sitting to Northcote, (who told the story to my father, not once nor twice, but I think it is in Hazlitt's conversations of Northcote also,) the old painter, speaking with a painter's wonder of the intricate design of the Waverley Novels, said that one chief source of his delight in them was that "he never knew what was coming."

"Nor I neither," answered Sir Walter.

Now this reply, though of course partly playful, and made for the sake of its momentary point, was deeply true, in a sense which Sir Walter himself was not conscious of. He was conscious of it only as a weakness,—not as a strength. His beautiful confession of it as a weakness is here in my bookcase behind me, written in his own hand, in the introduction to the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' I take it reverently down, and copy it from the dear old manuscript, written as it is at temperate speed, the letters all perfectly formed, but with no loss of time in dotting *i*'s, crossing *t*'s, writing mute *e*'s in past participles, or in punctuation; the current dash and full period alone being used. I copy with scrupulous care, adding no stop where stop is not.

"*Captain*" (Clutterbuck) "Respect for yourself then ought to teach caution—

Author. Aye if caution could augment my title to success—But to confess to you the truth the books and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others and commended as more highly finishd I could appeal to pen and standish that those in which I have come feebly off were by much the more labourd. I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have laid down my work to scale divided it into volumes and chapters and endeavourd to construct a story which should evolve itself gradually and strikingly maintain suspense and stimulate curiosity and finally terminate in a striking catastrophe—But I think there is a dæmon which seats himself upon the feather of my pen when I begin to write and ~~guides~~^{guides}* leads it astray from the purpose Characters expand under my hand incidents are multiplied the story lingers while the materials increase—my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly and the work is done long before I have attained the end I proposed

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Alas my dear Sir you do not know the fever of paternal affection—When I light on such a character

* The only word altered in the whole passage, and that on the instant.

as Baillie Jarvie or Dalgety my imagination brightens and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again—*

If I resist the temptation as you advise me my thoughts become prosy flat and dull I write painfully to myself and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag—the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents departs from them and leaves everything flat and gloomy—I am no more the same author than the dog in a wheel condemn'd to go round and round for hours is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail and gamboling in all the frolic of freedom—In short I think I am bewitch'd—

Captain Nay Sir if you plead sorcery there is no more to be said”

Alas, he did but half know how truly he had right to plead sorcery, feeling the witchcraft, yet not believing in it, nor knowing that it was indeed an angel that guided, not a dæmon, (I am forced for once to use with him the Greek word in its Presbyterian sense) that misled, his hand, as it wrote in gladness the fast-coming fancies. For truly in that involuntary vision was the true ‘design,’ and Scott’s work

* The closing passage of the author’s paragraph, down to ‘bewitch’d,’ is an addition on the lateral leaf.

differs from all other modern fiction by its exquisiteness of art, precisely *because* he did not 'know what was coming.' For, as I have a thousand times before asserted—though hitherto always in vain,—no great composition was ever produced by composing, nor by arranging chapters and dividing volumes ; but only with the same heavenly involuntariness in which a bird builds her nest. And among the other virtues of the great classic masters, this of enchanted Design is of all the least visible to the present apothecary mind : for although, when I first gave analysis of the inventive power in 'Modern Painters,' I was best able to illustrate its combining method by showing that "there was something like it in chemistry," it is precisely what *is* like it in chemistry, that the chemist of to-day denies.

But one farther great, and greatest, sign of the Divinity in this enchanted work of the classic masters, I did not then assert,—for, indeed, I had not then myself discerned it,—namely, that this power of noble composition is never given but with accompanying instinct of moral law ; and that so severe, that the apparently too complete and ideal justice which it proclaims has received universally the name of 'poetical' justice—the justice conceived only by the men of consummate imaginative power. So that to say of any man that he has power of design, is at once to say of him that he is using it on God's side ; for it can only have been taught him by that Master, and cannot be

taught by the use of it against Him. And therefore every great composition in the world, every great piece of painting or literature—without any exception, from the birth of Man to this hour—is an assertion of moral law, as strict, when we examine it, as the *Eumenides* or the *Divina Commedia*; while the total collapse of all power of artistic design in Italy at this day has been signalized and sealed by the production of an epic poem in praise of the Devil, and in declaration that God is a malignant ‘*Larva*.’*

And this so-called poetical justice, asserted by the great designers, consists not only in the gracing of virtue with her own proper rewards of mental peace and spiritual victory; but in the proportioning also of worldly prosperity to visible virtue; and the manifestation, therefore, of the presence of the Father in this world, no less than in that which is to come. So that, if the life-work of any man of unquestioned genius does not assert this visible justice, but, on the contrary, exhibits good and gentle persons in unredeemed distress or destruction,—that work will invariably be found to show no power of design; but to be merely the consecutive collection of interesting circumstances well described, as continually the best work of Balzac, George Sand, and other good novelists of the second order. In some

* A highly laudatory review of this work, in two successive parts, will be found in the columns of the Venetian journal ‘*Il Tempo*,’ in the winter of 1876-77.

separate pieces, the great masters will indeed exhibit the darkest mystery of human fate, but never without showing, even then, that the catastrophe is owing in the root of it to the violation of some moral law: "*She hath deceived her father,—and may thee.*" The root of the entire tragedy is marked by the mighty master in that one line—the double sin, namely, of daughter and father; of the first in too lawlessly forgetting her own people, and her father's house; and of the second, in allowing his pride and selfishness to conquer his paternal love, and harden him, not only in abandonment of his paternal duty, but in calumnious insult to his child. Nor, even thus, is Shakspeare content without marking, in the name of the victim of Evil Fortune, his purpose in the tragedy, of showing that there *is* such a thing as Destiny, permitted to veil the otherwise clear Providence, and to leave it only to be found by noble Will, and proved by noble Faith.

Although always, in reading Scott, one thinks the story one has last finished, the best, there can be little question that the one which has right of pre-eminence is the 'Heart of Midlothian,' being devoted to the portraiture of the purest life, and most vital religion, of his native country.

It is also the most distinct in its assertion of the moral law; the assignment of earthly reward and punishment being, in this story, as accurately proportioned to the degrees of virtue and vice as the lights and shades of

a photograph to the force of the rays. The absolute truth and faith of Jeanie make the suffering through which she has to pass the ultimate cause of an entirely prosperous and peaceful life for herself, her father, and her lover: the falsehood and vanity of Effie prepare for her a life of falsehood and vanity: the pride of David Deans is made the chief instrument of his humiliation; and the self-confidence which separated him from true fellowship with his brother-Christians, becomes the cause of his eternal separation from his child.

Also, there is no other analysis of the good and evil of the pure Protestant faith which can be for a moment compared to that in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' showing that in an entirely simple, strong, and modest soul, it brings forth fruit of all good works and kindly thoughts; but that, when it meets with innate pride, and the unconquerable selfishness which comes from want of sympathy, it leads into ludicrous and fatal self-worship, mercilessness to the errors, whether in thought or conduct, of others; and blindness to the teaching of God Himself, where it is contrary to the devotee's own habits of thought. There is no other form of the Christian religion which so insolently ignores all Scripture that makes against it, or gathers with so passionate and irrational embrace all Scripture that makes for it.

And the entire course of the tragic story in the 'Heart of Midlothian' comes of the 'Museless' hard-

ness of nature, brought upon David Deans by the persecution in his early life, which changed healthy and innocent passion into religious pride,—“I bless God, (with that singular worthy, Peter Walker, the packman at Bristo port,) that ordered my lot in my dancing days, so that fear of my head and throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, cauld and hunger, wetness and weariness, stopped the lightness of my head, and the wantonness of my feet. And now, if I hear ye, quean lassies, sae muckle as name dancing, or think there's such a thing in the world as flinging to fiddlers' sounds and pipers' springs, as sure as my father's spirit is with the just, ye shall be no more either charge or concern of mine.”

Over the bronze sculpture of this insolent pride, Scott instantly casts, in the following sentence, (“Gang in then, hinnies,” etc.) the redeeming glow of paternal love; but he makes it, nevertheless, the cause of all the misery that follows, to the end of the old man's life :—

“The objurgation of David Deans, however well meant, was unhappily timed. It created a division of feeling in Effie's bosom, and deterred her from her intended confidence in her sister. ‘She wad haud me nae better than the dirt below her feet,’ said Effie to herself, ‘were I to confess that I hae danced wi' him four times on the green down by, and ance at Maggie Macqueen's.’”

Such, and no more than such, the little sin that day concealed—sin only *in* concealment. And the fate of her life turns on the Fear and the Silence of a moment.

But for the effective and final cause of it, on that Deadly Muselessness of the Cameronian leaders, who indeed would read of the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod, but never of the son of Jesse dancing before the Lord; and banished sackbut and psaltery, for signals in the service of Nebuchadnezzar, forgetting that the last law of Moses and last prayer of David were written in song.

And this gloomy forgetfulness, or worse,—presumptuous defiance, of the laws of the nature given by his Maker to man, left, since the Reformation, the best means of early education chiefly in the hands of the adversary of souls; and thus defiled the sanctuary of joy in the human heart, and left it desolate for the satyrs to dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands to cry.

Which satyric dance and siren song, accomplished, both, with all the finish of science, and used in mimicry of every noble emotion towards God and man, become the uttermost, and worst—because the most traitorous—of blasphemies against the Master who gave us motion and voice submissive to other laws than of the elements; and would have made us ‘as happy’—nay, how much happier!—than the wave that dances

on the sea; and how much more glorious in praise than the forests, though they clap their hands, and the hills, that rejoice together before the Lord.

And this cry of the wild beasts of the islands, or sirenic blasphemy, has in modern days become two-fold; consisting first in the mimicry of *devotion* for pleasure, in the oratorio, withering the life of religion into dead bones on the siren-sands; and secondly, the mimicry of *compassion*, for pleasure, in the opera, wasting the pity and love which should overflow in active life, on the ghastliest visions of fictitious grief and horriblemest decoration of simulated death. But these two blasphemies had become one, in the Greek religious service of Plato's time. "For, indeed,—VII. 289, 20. (800)—this has come to pass in nearly all our cities, that when any public sacrifice is made to the Gods, not one chorus only, but many choruses, and standing, not reverently far from the altars, but beside them," (yes, in the very cathedrals themselves,) "pour forth blasphemies of sacred things," (not mockeries, observe, but songs precisely corresponding to our oratorios—that is to say, turning dramatic prayer into a solemn sensual pleasure), "both with word and rhythm, and the most wailing harmonies, racking the souls of the hearers; and whosoever can make the sacrificing people weep the most, to him is the victory. Such lamentations, if indeed the citizens have need to hear, let it be on accursed instead of festal days, and from hired

mourners as at funerals. But that we may get rid at once of the need of speaking of such things, shall we not accept, for the mould and seal of all song, Euphemy, the speaking the good of all things, and not Blasphemy, the speaking their sorrow."

Which first law of noble song is taught us by the myth that Euphemy was the Nurse of the Muses—(her statue was still on Parnassus in Pausanias' time)—together with that of Linus, who is the master of true dirge music, used in permitted lamentation.

And here, in good time, comes to me a note from one of my kindest and best teachers, in old time, in the Greek Vase room of the British Museum,* which points out one fact respecting the physical origin of the music-myths, wholly new to me:—

"On reading your last Fors I was reminded of what used to seem to me an inconsistency of the Greeks in assigning so much of a harmonizing influence to music for the practical purposes of education, while in their myths they regularly associated it with competition, and cruel punishment of the loser. The Muses competed with the Sirens—won, and plucked their feathers to make crowns of. Apollo competed with Marsyas—won, and had him flayed alive. Apollo and Pan had a dispute about the merits of their favourite instruments; and

* Mr. A. S. Murray, the first, I believe, of our Greek antiquaries who distinguished, in the British Museum, the vases executed in imitation of archaic forms by late Roman artists, from real Athenian archaic pottery.

Midas, because he decided for Pan, had his ears lengthened at the command of Apollo. The Muses competed with the daughters of Pieros, who failed, and lost their life. It looks as if there had been a Greek Eistedfodd ! But, seriously, it is not easy to be confident about an explanation of this mythical feature of Music. As regards Apollo and Marsyas, it is to be observed that Marsyas was a river god, who made the first flute from the reeds of his own river, and thus he would represent the music of flowing water, and of wind in the reeds. Apollo was the god of the music of animate nature ; the time of his supremacy was summer. The time when Marsyas had it all his own way was winter. In summer his stream was dried up, and, as the myth says, he was flayed alive. The competition was, then, in the first place, between the music of summer and the music of winter ; and, in the second place, between the music of animate nature and that of water and wind. This explanation would also apply to the competition of the Muses and Sirens, since the latter represented the music of the seashore, while the Muses were associated with Apollo, and would represent whatever principle he represented. The myth of the daughters of Pieros is probably only a variant of that of the Sirens. As regards the rivalry of Apollo and Pan, I do not see any satisfactory explanation of it. It was comparatively slight, and the consequences to Midas were not so dreadful after all."

The interpretation here of the punishment of Marsyas as the drying up of the river, whose 'stony channel in the sun' so often, in Greece and Italy, mocks us with memory of sweet waters in the drought of summer, is, as I said, wholly new to me, and, I doubt not, true. And the meaning of the other myths will surely be open enough to the reader who has followed Plato thus far: but one more must be added to complete the cycle of them—the contest of Dionysus with the Tyrrhenian pirates;—and then we have the three orders of the Deities of music throughout the ages of Man,—the Muses, Apollo, and Dionysus,—each with their definite adversaries. The Muses, whose office is the teaching of sacred pleasures to childhood, have for adversaries the Sirens, who teach sinful pleasure; Apollo, who teaches intellectual, or historic, therefore worded, music, to men of middle age, has for adversary Marsyas, who teaches the wordless music of the reeds and rivers; and, finally, Dionysus, who teaches the cheerful music which is to be the wine of old age, has for adversary the commercial pirate, who would sell the god for gain, and drink no wine but gold. And of these three contests, bearing as they do in their issue on all things festive and pantomimic, I reserve discussion for my seventh year's Christmas Fors; such discussion being, I hope, likely to prove serviceable to many of my honest friends, who are losing their strength in forbidding

men to drink, when they should be helping them to eat; and cannot for the life of them understand what, long since pointed out to them, they will find irrefragably true, that "the holiness of the parsonage and parson at one end of the village, can only be established in the holiness of the tavern and tapster at the other."



NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

My general assertion of our prosperity last month referred principally to the accession of new Companions, whose enrolment much encourages me, especially that of one much-regarded friend and Fellow of my college. On the other hand, I have been greatly concerned by the difficulties which naturally present themselves in the first organization of work at Abbey Dale,—the more that these are for the most part attributable to very little and very ridiculous things, which, with all my frankness, I see no good in publishing. The root of all mischief is of course that the Master is out of the way, and the men, in his absence, tried at first to get on by vote of the majority;—it is at any rate to be counted as no small success that they have entirely convinced themselves of the impossibility of getting on in that popular manner; and that they will be glad to see me when I can get there.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I have nothing interesting to communicate under this head, except that I have been very busy clearing my wood, and chopping up its rotten sticks into faggots;—that I am highly satisfied with the material results of this amusement; and shall

be able to keep the smoke from my chimneys this winter of purer blue than usual, at less cost.

III. I think it well, in connection with what is said in the reply to Mr. Dixon at the opening of this letter, to print, below, part of the article in the 'Builder' to which I so gravely recommended my readers' attention last month. If the writer of that article can conceive of any means by which his sentence, here italicized, could be carried out, short of revolution, other than the means I propose in the action of the St. George's Company,—the steady and irrevocable purchase of the land for the nation by national subscription,—I should be very thankful to hear of them. The organization of a Parliament strong enough even to modify the existing methods of land tenure, would *be* revolution.

"Five men own one-fourth of Scotland. One duke owns 96,000 acres in Derbyshire, besides vast estates in other parts of England and in Ireland. Another, with estates all over the United Kingdom, has 40,000 acres in Sussex and 300,000 acres in Scotland. This nobleman's park is fifteen miles in circumference! Another duke has estates which the highroad divides for twenty-three miles! A marquis there is who can ride a hundred miles in a straight line upon his own land! There is a duke who owns almost an entire county stretching from sea to sea. An earl draws £200,000 every year from his estates in Lancashire. A duke regularly invests £80,000 a year in buying up lands adjoining his already enormous estates. A marquis enjoys £1,000,000 a year from land. An earl lately died leaving to his heirs £1,000,000 sterling and £160,000 a year income from land. The income from land derived by one ducal family of England is £1,600,000, which is increasing every year by the falling in of leases. One hundred and fifty persons own half England, seventy-five persons own half Scotland, thirty-five persons own

half Ireland; and all the lands of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are owned by less than 60,000 persons, and they say to the remaining 32,000,000 of people, 'All this land of Great Britain and Ireland was given to the children of men, and behold we are the Lord's children in possession, and you millions, you go to work!'

"Now, sir, these noblemen and gentlemen might keep their lands for all I cared, provided they would adopt and act upon the old adage, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights;' but, sir, they will never act upon that motto until they are compelled by the loud, long, and united voice of the people. *We must get this land system readjusted*, or revolution is bound to come, within the lifetime of grave and reverend seniors like you and me. The fact is, sir, that a majority of the inhabitants of this country are in a state of squalid poverty,—living in miserable fever dens, without any of the decencies of life,—scarcely ever getting a good meal, and yet they are becoming educated! Cannot others see what this means? Are the dukes, and lords, and baronets, and squires, so blinded by their wealth, the result in too many cases of sacrilege, that they cannot see what is coming? Education and starvation! What will they produce? Why, sir, as sure as two and two make four, they will bring revolution. You have well and truly said, 'Such a question allowed to remain unanswered in another part of Europe has induced revolution, followed by destruction,' and you said this with regard to the London monopolies of property; but, sir, the land monopoly of the provinces must lead to revolution in this part of Europe before very long, and I will attempt to show you why. The land monopoly is at the bottom of all the pauperism, both that which is recognized and that which is unrecognized; for that is the dangerous poverty which does not stoop to parish relief, but bears and resolves in silence."—*Builder*, Aug. 25, 1877.

IV. I meant to have given in this *Fors* the entire speech of the Angel of the Church of Manchester, at the banquet whose deliciousness inspired that superb moral peroration of Mr. Bright, which I hope entered profoundly into the pleased stomachs of the Corporation. But—it has been the will of *Fors* that I should mislay the Manchester Angel's speech—and find, instead, among a heap of stored papers, this extract respecting Episcopal Revenues, from No. 1 of “Humanitarian Tracts” on “Past and Passing Events, the Church, Modern Jesuitism, Church Lands, and the Rights of Property, published by John Hopper, Bishopwearmouth.” Not feeling complete confidence in the Humanitarian and Hopperian account of these things, I sent the subjoined extract to a reverend friend, requesting him to ascertain and let me know the truth. His reply follows the accusation; but it will be seen that the matter requires further probing; and I would fain advise my antiquarian friends that it would be better service to history, at this moment, if any faithful investigator,—Mr. Froude, for instance,—would lay the whole subject clearly before the public, than any labours among the chronicles, or ruins, of St. Albans or any other abbey, are likely to render, unless they were undertaken in a spirit which could read the silence, as well as the utterance, of the great Ages. Thus then, the Humanitarian:—

“On the 1st of August, 1848, Mr. Horsman, in the House of Commons, speaking on Temporalities and Church-leases, said: ‘I believe few people have any idea of the value of the episcopal and capitular estates. No return of them has ever been made. . . . It is known, however, that these estates are immense. . . . When the Committee on Church Leases was sitting in 1838, it attempted to get returns of the actual value of these leased estates. From some of the prelates and dignitaries they did receive them; others indignantly refused.’

	Per annum.
The present Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Chester) returned his income at	£3,951
But the rental of his leased estate was	16,236
Making a difference of	<u>£12,285</u>
The Archbishop of York returned his income at	£13,798
Actual rental	41,030
Making a difference of	<u>£27,232</u>
The then Archbishop of Canterbury returned his income at	£22,216
Actual rental	52,000
Making a difference of	<u>£29,784"</u>

Next, my clerical friend's letter :—

" April 4, 1876.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—It is with great disappointment that I return your pamphlet and paper, without being able to give a satisfactory answer to the charge against the Bishops of 1839. I have tried and waited patiently, and tried again, but people now know little, and care less, for what then happened, and my name is not influential enough to get the information from officials who alone can supply it.

"You must forgive my obstinacy if I still doubt whether the difference went into the Bishops' pockets! My doubts are the more confirmed by examining other assertions made in the pamphlet at random. I venture to send you such statistics as I have been able to gather in reply to the main argument of the tract, should you think it worth your while to read them."

Having no interest in the 'general argument' of the pamphlet, but only in its very definite and stern charges against the Bishops, I did not trouble myself with their statistics; but wrote to another friend, my most helpful and kind Mr. F. S. Ellis, of New Bond Street, who presently procured for me the following valuable letter and essential documents; but, as it always happens, somehow,—we have not got at the main point, the difference, if any,

between the actual and alleged incomes. For decision of which I again refer myself, humbly, to the historians of this super-eminently glorious, pious, and well-informed century.

“THE GROVE, 21st September, 1875.

“Dear Sir,—I find, on referring to Hansard, that the report of Mr. Horsman’s speech on pp. 22, 23 of the pamphlet, is substantially, but *not verbally*, accurate. Some only of the figures are quoted by him, but not in the way in which they are placed in the pamphlet. With this I hand you extracts from printed returns covering the range of the figures on p. 23 of the pamphlet, and also giving the incomes finally assigned to the various sees.

“I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

“FRED. W. FOSTER.

“F. S. Ellis, Esq.,

“New Bond Street, London.”

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1839, vol. viii., pp. 237—376.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 6th May, 1839. No. 247.

Page 40. The total annual value of the property let on leases by the Archbishop of Canterbury—£52,086 1s.

Return dated 23rd February, 1839.

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1837-38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 1838. No. 692.

Page 560. The aggregate net annual value of lands and tithes in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, held by lease, under the See of York:—

Three leases	£2,546
	6,350
	33,134

Return dated 28th July, 1838.

£42,030

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1837-38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 1838. No. 692.

Page 566. The annual value of the property belonging to the See of Chester, and which is let on lives, is £15,526; on years, £710. Total, £16,236.

Return dated 25th July, 1838.

Sees.	Total Amount of the average gross Yearly Income of the See, and of the Ecclesiastical Preferments (if any) permanently or accustomably annexed thereto.	Permanent Yearly Payments made out of the Revenues of the See.	Net Yearly Income, subject to temporary charges (if any) stated below.
Canterbury . . .	£22,216	£3,034	£19,182*
York	13,798	1,169	12,629
Chester	3,951	690	3,261
Total of the 27 Sees	181,631	—	160,292
Average	6,727	—	5,936

By an Order in Council passed 25th August, 1871, and gazetted 19th Sept., 1851, the annual incomes assigned to the various Sees was as follows :—

Canterbury	£15,000
York, London	10,000
Durham	8,000
Winchester	7,000
Ely	5,500
Bath and Wells, Exeter, Gloucester and Bristol, Lincoln, Oxford, Rochester, Salisbury, Worcester	5,000
Carlisle, Chester, St. David's, Lichfield, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon	4,500
St. Asaph, Bangor, Chichester, Hereford, Llandaff, Manchester	4,200
Total	£152,200
Average	£5,637

Parliamentary Accounts and Papers, 1837, vol. xli., pp. 223—320.—A return of the clear annual revenue of every Archbishopric, Bishopric, etc., according to the Report of the Commissioners appointed by the King to inquire into the Ecclesiastical Revenues of England and Wales, on an average of three years, ending 31st Dec., 1831, etc. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 25th April, 1837. No. 240. (1s.)

* Temporary charge; repayment of mortgage, the principal by instalments, and interest; making a yearly payment of about £3,780. The interest decreases at the rate of £60 every year. Final payment to be made in 1873.

V. I can no more vouch for any of the statements in the following newspaper article than I can for those of the pamphleteer of Bishopwearmouth. But that such statements should have been publicly made, and, so far as I know, without contradiction, is a fact to be noted in Fors. I have omitted much useless newspaper adornment, and substituted one or two clearer words in the following article, which may be seen in its entirety in 'Christian Life' for 1st September, 1877.

"DIZZINESS IN HIGH PLACES.—Kells is in Ireland; and his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who is at present recreating himself in that country, has been at Kells. In Kells there is a branch of the Protestant Orphan Society, and this branch has held a meeting, presided over by a prelate of Unitarian ancestry, Bishop Plunket, of Meath. The meeting was further dignified by the presence of his Grace.

"However, it seems there was something to get over before Kells could enter with proper rapture into the unwonted delight of welcoming a Primate of All England. A whisper had run abroad that the Archbishop had not been the best of friends to the Episcopalianism of the Green Isle. It was muttered that he had gone for disestablishment—at least, when disestablishment was kept at a safe distance from the State Church of England. It was even alleged by some unscrupulous spirits, that Canterbury's voice had been heard to second Earl Granville's motion for the second reading of the Bill. The right reverend chairman set this calumny at rest. Dr. Plunket assured the Episcopalians of Kells that his Grace had always been a warm lover of their Church, and had never seconded the dreadful Bill. Technically, no doubt, this was perfectly true; Dr. Tait was not Earl Granville's seconder. If the Archbishop had been content to let the disclaimer rest where his disestablished brother had placed it, the occasion would have excited no comment

from the critics of the Irish press; but his Grace, still feeling uneasy under the cruel aspersions of rumour, must needs go further, and in a short speech of his own he boldly declared that if he had been accused of murder he could not have been more astonished than to hear it reported that 'he had individually helped to pull down the old Established Church of Ireland.' Of all the public measures carried in his time none did he more deeply deplore than that which removed it from the position it had so long occupied; and he was happy to say that he had endeavoured to do what he could to mitigate the blow when it fell.

"The 'Northern Whig' has been at the pains to look up 'Hansard' on the point at issue, and reports the result as follows: 'It is certain that when Lord Granville moved the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, on 14th June, 1869, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in favour of the Bill, and against an amendment proposed by Lord Harrowby and seconded by the Duke of Rutland. He wanted amendments, all of them with a pecuniary effect introduced into it, and said it could be made a good Bill, for which the people would bless God that they had a House of Lords. He likewise supported Lord Cairns' compromise, which the Lord Derby stigmatized as "an unconditional surrender," and a concession of the very principle of the Bill; and he did not sign Lord Derby's protest against it. While thirteen English bishops voted against the Irish Church Bill, his Grace, together with the late Bishop Wilberforce, did not vote at all. This is the true state of the case.'

"We call attention to this discrepancy between the Archiepiscopal acts and the Archiepiscopal account of them with unfeigned sorrow and concern. Nothing presents itself to us as a more melancholy feature of the public *morale* of our time than the indulgence accorded of late years to a scandalously

immoral species of public distortion of well-known or well-ascertainable facts. Of this the worst example has long been notorious in the most conspicuous place. Mr. Chamberlain once outraged all etiquette in his denunciation of it, but his indignation, however uncouth in form, was universally felt to be neither undeserved nor ill-timed. A pernicious example is sure sooner or later to tell. Our public men are now being educated in a school which easily condones on the ground of personal convenience the most flagrant breaches of the law of truth. The chief minister of the Church follows in the tortuous path which has long been a favourite resort of the chief Minister of the State. It was not always so. English public men were once pre-eminently distinguished for the lofty, open honour of their public speech. The moral scorn and loathing with which, for example, a quarter of a century ago men regarded Louis Napoleon's worthless word, bids fair to become an extinct sentiment. Straightforwardness is a foolish old-fashioned habit, a custom we have outgrown. 'We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves.' We repeat, this is the most serious symptom of our times. The newspapers which have been speculating as to the disasters which are to flow, after a thousand years, from England's future want of coal, would do better to inquire into the far greater disasters which threaten at our door through England's present lack of supreme reverence for truth."

VI. Part of a letter from a Companion, connected with our present subject in its illustration of other modes of clerical revenue :—

"Some four or five years ago, I made acquaintance with a girl whom I used to see often at church, and whom I watched and admired, and pitied. She was about eighteen years of age,—always pale,—always very poorly dressed indeed,—always came

to church in a hurry. But her voice was delicious in the psalms ; and she was delicate and pretty, with such evident enthusiastic devotion to church-services, and such an air of modest self-sufficiency, that I could not let her alone, for curiosity. I tried to catch her going out of church, but she walked too fast. I tried to waylay her coming in, but her self-possessed air of reserve kept me off. Until at last, one evening, a lingering of people in the porch about some testimonial matter for a young curate who was going away, kept her a minute or two near me. I was not at all interested in the testimonial, but I said to her, —the little crowd and general air of sympathy giving me courage, —‘I do not think of subscribing, do you?’ ‘Yes ; certainly she did,’—with quite a glow of emphatic fervour. I pretended to need persuasion and conviction about my intention ; and we walked along together. And I learnt,—besides the wonderful perfections of the curate in Sunday-school teaching, etc.—that she was a machinist in a large draper’s and clothier’s shop ; that she earned very few shillings a week ; that she had a mother dependent on her earnings ; that she worked in an upper room with many more—I think about twenty—women ; that just then they suffered very much from cold, and more from bad air, as they had to keep the windows shut ; and that she worked from seven in the morning till seven at night. (Imagine it, amid the noise of twenty sewing machines—the dust and disagreeableness of material in the course of being made—the dismal surroundings—the outside prospect of chimney-pots. What a life !) The proprietor of this paradise—the shopkeeper—was a churchwarden, or something official, at the same church.

“The remedy in this case might have been found in two ways. The curate—so gratefully remembered, but who could not, by reason of the veil of poverty and care she wore, or who dared not, by reason of his goodishness, have rendered her any help as to a sister—might have, in proper parish service, exposed

the state of things at the shop, and asked for subscriptions for the master of it to enable his servants to have warmth and fresh air at least. Or the man himself, properly preached to, made to give his work-girls three times as much for half their work, and to provide them a workroom, healthy and pretty. I am sure that clergymen—very ordinary ones—might, with honesty, do little miracles like these.”

VII. The next two articles I leave without comment. They are illustrations, needing none, of false and true methods of education.

“August 9, 1877.

“Dear Master,—You asked to know more about the ‘bondage’ in which Government teachers worked—referring to Miss —— in particular. The enclosed (written independently, and more fully than usual, on that point) gives just the illustration I could have wished.” (Illustration lost, but the commentary is the essential matter.)

“Now you will let me comment upon the sentence in this letter.—‘I cannot teach as if I were a machine; I must put life into my work, or let it alone.’ This comes at once to the special grievance, felt by all those of us (I do not at all know how many this includes) who *care* for their children. *They* are ‘lively,’ if they are anything; and we discover, sooner or later, that our one duty as teachers is to crush life in every form and whenever showing itself. I do not mean to say that the ‘Education Department’ *aims* at this result; but it follows inevitably from the ‘pressure’ put upon teachers who, crammed, *not* ‘trained,’ themselves, (I speak from painful experience as to the so-called ‘Training Colleges,’) almost necessarily perpetuate the evil: the better sort groaning under it, and trying to free themselves and their children; the rest, groaning too, but accepting their fate, and tightening the chains of those under

them. I believe Miss —— would agree to this as too generally true."

VIII. "I paid a visit last week to aged neighbours—known here as the 'Old Shepherd,' and the 'Old Shepherd's Wife.' I only found the old lady at home, and she was exceedingly pleased with a poor little gift I took her, and began at once to tell me how well both she and he were at present. They look *very* old, but that may be their hard life, in this trying climate. But she told me she had been more than fifty years married, and had been so happy with her kind, good man; and then she added, so earnestly, 'And I'm happy yet—just as happy as happy can be.' They have never had any children themselves; 'but I've had bairns as much on my knee as if I'd had o' my ain,' she added. For she first brought up a motherless niece of her own; and then, when *she* had married and died, leaving one baby girl, she went to Edinburgh and took baby, and has reared her, though 'she put on ten years to my age, she was that fractious and ill to bring thro'!' The child is now ten years old, and goes to a Board school near. They are well off for their position,—have a cottage, which they let in summer, and a garden, well cared for. Both have been industrious and economical all their lives. And yet, could many of the idler class declare honestly they are so happy and contented?"

IX. In justice to the Manchester Corporation, Rhadamanthus commands me to print what they have got to say for themselves anent their proposed speculation in Thirlmere, adding a delightful little note of Mr. Anderson's.

"Those who wish to further the scheme answer this charge by the declaration that they are but using prudent foresight with a view to future needs. They admit the commercial value

of fine scenery as a means of bringing tourists to a district, but assert that when once this enormous reservoir is made, many more persons will go to see it than would ever travel in search of any beauty of lake or mountain, and that it will, in point of fact, greatly enhance the charm of the scenery. They kindly, if not judiciously, promise to take the greatest care to 'add to the beautification of the surroundings.' If the little church of Wythburn should be submerged, they will build another, of a prettier pattern, a little higher up the hill, and carry the grave-stones up to a fresh bit of ground. 'The old road,' they think, 'may be relegated to the deeps without a murmur, especially as it is the intention of the Waterworks Committee to substitute [*sic*] the present tortuous up-and-down track by a straight road, cut on a level line around the slopes of Helvellyn. Below it, the lake, enlarged to more than twice its present dimensions, will assume a grandeur of appearance in more striking accordance with its majestic surroundings.' These lovers of the picturesque regret feelingly that 'the embankment at the north end will not be seen from the highway, in consequence of the intervention of a wooded hill. This,' they say, 'is a circumstance which may be regretted by tourists in search of the beautiful in nature and the wonderful in art, as the embankment will be of stupendous height and strength, and by scattering a few large boulders over its front, and planting a few trees in the midst of them, it will be made to have an exact resemblance to its surroundings, if indeed it does not approach in grandeur to its proud neighbour the Raven Crag,' etc."—*Spectator*.

"I have a translation for 'oestrus' in the connexion you use it in Fors. Mad dogs do not *shun* water, but rush to, and wallow in it, though they cannot drink. It is a mortal 'hydrophobia' begotten among the uncleansed iniquities of Manchester."—(J. Rennie Anderson.)

X. Farther most precious notes on the real causes of the Indian Famine :—

“EXPORTS AND FAMINE.—Some of the former famines of India were famines of money rather than of corn, as we have pointed out on several previous occasions. Now there is a veritable famine of corn—of money there is always more or less a famine there, so far as the great bulk of the population is concerned. But in the midst of this famine of corn—under the dreadful pressure of which the helpless people die by hundreds of thousands—there goes on a considerable exportation of corn, and it becomes imperatively necessary to send back a corresponding quantity, at largely enhanced prices for the profits of the merchants, and at the cost of British philanthropy and the national funds. The force of folly can no further go ! This blemish on our statesmanship will be recorded to the bewilderment of the historians of posterity, who will be amazed at our stupidity, and at the weakness of the Government that, in the face of a famine so dreadful, has neither heart nor power to enforce a better ‘political economy,’ or to restrain the cupidity which, like the unclean vulture, fattens on death and decay.

“During the year 1876 India exported to the ports of the United Kingdom 3,087,236 cwt. of wheat. The significance of this quantity will be apparent when we consider that importations from Germany were only 2,324,148 cwt., from Egypt 2,223,238 cwt., and British North America 2,423,183 cwt. Russia, which was at one time our principal granary, exported 8,880,628 cwt., which shows our imports of Indian wheat were considerably more than one-third of those from Russia, while the United States sent us 19,323,052 cwt., the supply from India being about one-sixth ; a remarkable result for a trade in the very earliest stages of its development.

“With regard to the growth of wheat, it is important to observe that it has been confined to the last few years, and has been remarkably rapid. It has in fact been during the period in which the modern famines have been rife. Not that we would argue that the export of wheat and other grain is the cause of famine. We have already indicated the wretched finance of the country, which keeps the agricultural classes in hopeless bondage to the village usurers, as the fruitful cause. *But this export of corn from a famishing land is a phenomenon of political rule and of paternal government, which it has been reserved for this Mammon-stricken age to illustrate. No ancient statesmanship would have been guilty of such cruel maladministration or such weakness.* The Great Moguls would have settled the business in a sterner and a better fashion. They would not have been content with administering a few blows with a stick to the unlucky wight who brought tidings of disaster, but would have peremptorily laid an embargo on the export of corn as a first necessity in times of famine, and would have hung up side by side the merchants who dared to sin against a law so just and necessary, with the usurers whose exactions paralysed agricultural industry, and denuded the fields of the crops. We neither take the preventative measures which the government of our predecessors devised, nor do we, when the famines actually come, take the measures of ordinary prudence to alleviate their horrors. This is, indeed, the age of Mammon, and its licentious cupidity must not be restrained. Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest, is its invariable maxim, and with fiendish pertinacity it claims its privilege among the dying and the dead. Thus it sweeps off from the famishing crowds the meagre crop which has escaped the ravages of drought and usury, and it brings it home to English ports to compete with American importations in our markets, or to send it back to India at prices which yield enormous profits to the adventurers.

But this superior wisdom, and this hardened selfishness, is right, for it is sanctioned by Adam Smith.

“But it is not to England alone that this export is made; to Ceylon, the Mauritius, and the West India Islands, constant shipments are going on, and according to statistics that are before us, in the six months 1873-74, nearly 380,000 tons of wheat, grain, etc., were shipped from Bengal alone to the above-named places—enough to have filled with plenty, for two full months at least, the mouths of the wretched creatures who were perishing at that time. It is said that in 1873 Ceylon alone imported from the districts that are now famine-stricken 7,000,000 bushels of grain, and yet Ceylon is unsurpassed on this planet as a fruitful garden; it contains about 12 or 13 millions of acres, more or less, of fine arable land; it has a delicious climate, and abundant rainfall, and yet it has less than a million of acres under grain crop, and draws its chief supplies from India, while the landowners refuse to cultivate the land they hold, or to sell the land they will not cultivate.”—*Monetary Gazette*, Sept. 1.

“What is it that reduces to insensibility in woman this Divine instinct of maternal tenderness? It is the hardening influences of Mammon, and the pressure which the accursed domination of the Demon of the Money power brings to bear on every order of society. If it be a fact that women, even in the ranks of respectability, murder their unborn infants, it is because the pressure of the time reduces them to despair, and this fearful strain has its origin in nothing else than the Mammon of unrighteousness, which is a grinding tyranny, and a standing menace to the noblest sentiments of our nature, and the dearest interests of society. It hardens every heart, extinguishes every hope, and impels to crime in every direction. Nor do the soft influences of womanhood, nor the sanctities of maternity, escape its blighting curse.”

"We quote—with our cordial acknowledgment of the diligence that has compiled the figures—from a paper read by Stephen Bourne, F.S.S., before the Manchester Statistical Society:—

"For the present purpose I commence with 1857, as being just twenty years back, and the first also of the peaceful era which followed on the termination of the Crimean War. In that year the total value of the foreign and colonial goods retained for consumption in this country amounted to £164,000,000, of which 64 was for articles of food, 82 for raw materials for manufacture, and 18 for manufactured articles. Last year, these amounts were a total of £319,000,000, of which 159 was for food, 119 raw materials, and 41 other, from which it will appear that 39 per cent. of the whole in the former year, and 50 per cent. in the latter, went for food. In making this separation of food from other articles, it is not possible to be absolutely correct, for so many substances admit of a twofold use; take, for instance, olive oil, which is actually used both as food and in manufactures, or the fat of animals, which may appear on our table at meal-times for food, or in the shape of candles to lighten its darkness. Again, it may be asked, What is food? Meat and tobacco are totally different in their use or abuse, but both enter the mouth and are there consumed; both, therefore, are classed under this head, together with wines, spirits, etc. . . . As it would be unsafe to take for comparison the amount of either in a single year, an average for the first and last three years has been worked out, showing that whilst the number of consumers had increased from $28\frac{1}{3}$ to $32\frac{3}{4}$ millions, the food furnished from abroad had advanced from 59 to 153, a growth of the one by 16, of the other by 160 per cent. This means that on an average each member of the community now consumes to the value of two and a half times as much foreign food as he did twenty years back, somewhere about £5 for £2."—*Monetary Gazette*, Aug. 25.

XI. The following account of 'Talbot Village' is sent me in a pamphlet without date. I am desirous of knowing the present condition and likelihood of matters there, and of answers to the questions asked in notes.

"Talbot Village, which is situate about two miles to the north of Bournemouth, stands on a high and breezy level in Dorset, and on the confines of Hampshire, commanding a magnificent view on all sides.

"The enclosure of the village comprehends about 465 acres, of which 150 acres lie open and uncultivated for the cattle of the farmers and recreation of the cottagers in the village. There are five farms, (*a*) with suitable houses and outhouses, and nineteen cottages, each of which has an acre of ground attached. In the village stands a handsome block of stone buildings, which embraces seven distinct and separate houses, (*b*) altogether known as 'Talbot Almshouses.' In addition, there is a school-house, in combination with an excellent house and garden for the use of the master. Further, the village contains a church, which stands in a churchyard of three acres; in the tower of the church is a clock with chimes.

"There is one house in the village devoted to the purposes of a general shop, but all beer-houses are strictly prohibited.

"So much by way of brief description of a village which attracts the observation of all visitors to Bournemouth.

"Previously to 1842, the whole of the country now comprising the village was a wild moor, the haunt of smugglers and poachers. About that time the late Miss Georgina Talbot, of Grosvenor

(*a*) What rent is paid for these farms, and to whom?

(*b*) The 'village,' as far as I can make it out, consists of nineteen cottages, seven poor-houses, a church, a school-house, and a shop. If this be meant for an ideal of the village of the future, is not the proportion of poor-house to dwelling-house somewhat large?

Square, paid a visit to Bournemouth, then in its infancy. Her attention was drawn to the wretched state of the labouring population of the district, and her first impulse was to encourage industry and afford them employment. She first rented some land, and set men (who were for the most part leading vagrant lives) (*c*) to work to improve it. Many of the more influential people in the neighbourhood of that day thought her views Utopian, and were disposed to ridicule them; Miss Talbot, however, had deeply considered the subject, and was not to be discouraged; and, observing how wretchedly the poor (*d*) were housed, determined to build suitable cottages, to each of which should be attached an acre of land. Steadily progressing, Miss Talbot continued to acquire land, and eventually (in addition to other land in Hampshire) became the possessor of the district which is now known as 'Talbot Village.' The almshouses before referred to were then built for the benefit of the aged (*e*) of the district, who had ceased to be able to work, and the school-house for the benefit of the young of the village. Having succeeded in laying out the whole village to her satisfaction, Miss Talbot's mind began to consider how these benefits should be permanently secured to the objects of her bounty; and, accordingly, the almshouses were endowed by an investment in the Funds, and the village, with the almshouses, vested in Lord Portman, the late Lord Wolverton, and three other gentlemen, and their successors, upon trusts in furtherance of the settlor's views. When this had been accomplished, it became necessary to provide a church and place of sepulture, and three

(*c*) These were not afterwards taken for settlers, I suppose?

(*d*) What poor? and what wages are now paid by the farmers to the cottagers?

(*e*) If for the benefit of the *destitute*, it had been well; but the aged are, in right human life, the chief treasure of the household.

acres of land were set apart for the purpose ; but before the church could be completed and fit for consecration, Miss Talbot's sudden death occurred ; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that this lady was the first to be interred in the ground she had appropriated for burials. Those who have visited the spot cannot have failed to see the tomb erected by her sister, the present Miss Talbot.

“This lady completed the church and its various appliances, and supplied all that her sister could have desired. The church itself has been supplied with a heating apparatus, an organ, and musical service ; a clock with chimes, (*f*) arranged for every day in the week ; a pulpit of graceful proportions, and an ancient font brought from Rome. On the interior walls of the church have been placed texts of Scripture, revised and approved by Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, and Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

“Before concluding a brief account of ‘Talbot Village,’ we must add that the whole is managed by trustees, under the judicious and far-seeing views of the founder. The rent of each cottage and garden is limited to £6 per annum, free of rates and taxes, and no lodger is allowed, so that there may be no possible overcrowding. The objects of the almshouses are strictly defined, and rules regulating the inmates are to be found on the walls. To sum up the whole, everything has been devised by Miss Georgina Talbot, seconded by the present Miss Talbot, to ensure a contented, virtuous and happy community.

(*f*) The triumphant mention of this possession of the village twice over, induces me to hope the chimes are in tune. I see it asserted in a book which seems of good authority that chimes in England are not usually required to possess this merit. But better things are surely in store for us !—see last article of Correspondence.

"It is an instance of success attending the self-denying efforts of a most estimable lady, and, it is to be hoped, may prove an incentive to others to 'go and do likewise.'

"M. KEMP-WELCH,

"One of the Trustees."

I beg that it may be understood that in asking for farther information on these matters, I have no intention whatever of decrying Miss Talbot's design; and I shall be sincerely glad to know of its ultimate success. But it is of extreme importance that a lady's plaything, if it should turn out to be nothing more, should not be mistaken for a piece of St. George's work, nor cast any discredit on that work by its possible failure.

XII. Fors is evidently in great good-humour with me, just now; see what a lovely bit of illustration of Sirenian Threnodia, brought to final perfection, she sends me to fill the gap in this page with:—

"Here's a good thing for 'Fors.' A *tolling*-machine has been erected at the Ealing cemetery at the cost of £80, and seems to give universal satisfaction. It was calculated that this method of doing things would, (at 300 funerals a year,) be in the long run cheaper than paying a man threepence an hour to ring the bell. Thus we mourn for the departed!—L. J. H."



FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTER LXXXIV.

“THEY HAVE NO WINE.”

“WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT.”

BRANTWOOD, 29th Oct., 1877.

THESE, the last recorded words of the Mother of Christ, and the only ones recorded during the period of His ministry, (the “desiring to see thee” being told him by a stranger’s lips,) I will take, with due pardon asked of faithful Protestant readers, for the motto, since they are the sum, of all that I have been permitted to speak, in God’s name, now these seven years.

The first sentence of these two, contains the appeal of the workman’s wife, to her son, for the help of the poor of all the earth.

The second, the command of the Lord’s mother, to the people of all the earth, that they should serve the Lord.

This day last year, I was walking with a dear friend, and resting long, laid on the dry leaves, in the sun-

set, under the vineyard-trellises of the little range of hills which, five miles west of Verona, look down on the Lago di Garda at about the distance from its shore that Cana is from the Lake of Galilee ;—(the Madonna had walked to the bridal some four miles and a half). It was a Sunday evening, golden and calm ; all the vine leaves quiet ; and the soft clouds held at pause in the west, round the mountains that Virgil knew so well, blue above the level reeds of Mincio. But we had to get under the crest of the hill, and lie down under cover, as if avoiding an enemy's fire, to get out of hearing of the discordant practice, in fanfaronade, of the military recruits of the village,—modern Italy, under the teaching of the Marsyas of Mincio, delighting herself on the Lord's day in that, doubtless, much civilized, but far from mellifluous, manner ; triumphing that her monasteries were now for the most part turned into barracks, and her chapels into stables. We, for our own part, in no wise exultant nor exhilarated, but shrinking down under the shelter of the hill, and shadows of its fruitful roofs, talked, as the sun went down.

We talked of the aspect of the village which had sent out its active life, marching to these new melodies ; and whose declining life we had seen as we drove through it, half an hour before. An old, far-straggling village, its main street following the brow of the hill, with gardens at the backs of the houses, looking to-

wards the sacred mountains and the uncounted towers of purple Verona.

If ever peace, and joy, and sweet life on earth might be possible for men, it is so here, and in such places,—few, on the wide earth, but many in the bosom of infinitely blessed, infinitely desolate Italy. Its people were sitting at their doors, quietly working—the women at least,—the old men at rest behind them. A worthy and gentle race; but utterly poor, utterly untaught the things that in *this* world make for their peace. Taught anciently, other things, by the steel of Ezzelin; taught anew the same lesson, by the victor of Arcola, and the vanquished of Solferino,—and the supreme evil risen on the ruin of both.

There they sate—the true race of Northern Italy, mere prey for the vulture,—patient, silent, hopeless, careless: infinitude of accustomed and bewildered sorrow written in every line of their faces, unnerving every motion of their hands, slackening the spring in all their limbs. And their blood has been poured out like water, age after age, and risen round the wine-press, even to the horse-bridles. And of the peace on earth, and the goodwill towards men, which He who trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him—died to bring them, they have heard by the hearing of the ear,—their eyes have not seen.

“They have no wine.”

But He Himself has been always with them, though they saw Him not, and they have had the deepest of His blessings. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." And in the faith of these, and such as these,—in the voiceless religion and uncomplaining duty of the peasant races, throughout Europe,—is now that Church on earth, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. And on the part taken in ministry to them, or in oppressing them, depends now the judgment between the righteous and the wicked servant, which the Lord, who has so long delayed His coming, will assuredly now at no far-off time, require.

"But and if that servant shall say in his heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming'—

* * * * *

Shall I go on writing? We have all read the passage so often that it falls on our thoughts unfelt, as if its words were dead leaves. We will write and read it more slowly to-day—so please you.

"Who then is a faithful and wise servant whom his Lord hath made ruler over His household, to give them their meat in due season."

Over *His* household,—He probably having His eyes upon it, then, whether *you* have or not. But He has made you ruler over it, that you may give it meat, in due season. Meat—literally, first of all. And that seasonably, according to laws of duty, and not of chance.

You are not to leave such giving to chance, still less to take advantage of chance, and buy the meat when meat is cheap, that you may 'in due season' sell it when meat is dear. You don't see that in the parable? No, you cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond. You will find something else is not in the bond too, presently.

But at least this is plain enough, that you are to give meat—when it is due. "Yes, spiritual meat—but not mutton"? Well, then—dine first on spiritual meat yourself. Whatever is on your own table, be it spiritual or fleshly, of *that* you are to distribute; and are made a ruler that you may distribute, and not live only to consume. You say I don't speak plain English, and you don't understand what I mean. It doesn't matter what I mean,—but if Christ hasn't put that plain enough for you—you had better go learn to read.

"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, that He shall make him ruler over all His goods."

A vague hope, you think, to act upon? Well, if you only act on such hope, you will never either know, or get, what it means. No one but Christ can tell what *all* His goods are; and you have no business to mind, yet; for it is not the getting of these, but the doing His work, that you must care for yet awhile. Nevertheless, at spare times, it is no

harm that you wonder a little where He has gone to, and what He is doing; and He has given you at least some hint of that, in another place.

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, *when He shall return from the wedding.*" Nor a hint of it merely, but you may even hear, at quiet times, some murmur and syllabling of its music in the distance—"The Spirit, and the Bride, say, Come."

"But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming,' and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken——"

To 'smite'—too fine a word: it is, quite simply, to 'strike'—that same verb which every Eton boy used to have, (and mercifully) smitten into him.—You smite nobody now—boy or man—for their good, and spare the rod of *correction*. But you smite *unto death* with a will. What is the ram of an ironclad for?

"To eat and drink *with* the drunken." Not drunk himself—the upper servant; too well bred, he; but countenancing the drink that does not overcome him,—a goodly public tapster; charging also the poor twenty-two shillings for half a crown's worth of the drink he draws for them; boasting also of the prosperity of the house under his management. So many bottles, at least, his chief butlerhood can show emptied out

of his Lord's cellar,—‘and shall be exalted to honour, and for ever give the cup into Pharaoh's hand,’ he thinks. Not lascivious, he, but frank in fellowship with all lasciviousness—a goodly speaker after Manchester Banquet,* and cautious not to add, personally, drunkenness to Thirlmere thirst.

“The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of. And shall cut him asunder, and shall appoint him his portion with the hypocrites ; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

“*Cut him asunder.*”

Read now this—mighty among the foundational words of Human Law, showing forth the Divine Law.

“Tum Tullus, . . . Meti Suffeti, inquit, si ipse discere posses fidem ac foedera servare, vivo tibi ea disciplina a me adhibita esset ; nunc, quoniam tuum insanabile ingenium est, tu tuo supplicio doce humanum genus ea sancta credere quae a te violata sunt. Ut igitur paulo ante, animum inter Fidenatem Romanamque rem ancipitem gessisti, ita jam corpus passim distrahendum dabis.”

And after, this :

“ But there brake off ; for one had caught mine eye,
Fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground :

* Compare description in *Fors*, October, 1871, of the ‘Entire Clerkly or Learned Company,’ and the passage in ‘*Munera Pulveris*’ there referred to.

He, when He saw me, writhed himself throughout
Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs His beard.
And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,
Thus spake : ' That pierced spirit, whom intent
Thou view'st, was He who gave the Pharisees
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man
To suffer for the people. He doth lie
Transverse ; nor any passes, but Him first
Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.
In straits like this along the foss are placed
The father of His consort, and the rest
Partakers in that counsel, seed of ill
And sorrow to the Jews.' I noted, then,
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon Him,
Thus abjectly extended on the cross
In banishment eternal."

And after, this :

" Who, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
Though he repeated oft the tale ? No tongue
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought
Both impotent alike. If, in one band,
Collected, stood the people all, whoc'er
Pour'd on Apulia's fateful soil their blood,
Slain by the Trojans ; and in that long war
When of the rings the measured booty made
A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes

Who errs not ; with the multitude, that felt
The girding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,
And those, the rest, whose bones are gathered yet
At Ceperano, there where treachery
Branded th' Apulian name, or where beyond
Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo, without arms
The old Alardo conquer'd :—and his limbs
One were to show transpierced, another his
Clean lopt away,—a spectacle like this
Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight
Of the ninth chasm.

* * * * *

Without doubt,

I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
A headless trunk, that even as the rest
Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair
It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise
Pendent in hand, which look'd at us, and said,
' Woe's me ! ' The spirit lighted thus himself ;
And two there were in one, and one in two :
How that may be, he knows who ordereth so."

I have no time to translate "him who errs not," *
nor to comment on the Dante,—whoso readeth, let him
understand,—only this much, that the hypocrisy of the
priest who counselled that the King of the Jews should

* "Che non erra." I never till now, in reading this passage for my
present purpose, noticed these wonderful words of Dante's, spoken of Livy.
True, in the grandest sense.

die for the people, and the division of heart in the evil statesman who raised up son against father in the earthly kingship of England,* are for ever types of the hypocrisy of the Pharisee and Scribe,—penetrating, through the Church of the nation, and the Scripture or Press of it, into the whole body politic of it; cutting it verily in sunder, as a house divided against itself; and appointing for it, with its rulers, its portion—where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Now, therefore, if there be any God, and if there be any virtue, and if there be any truth, choose ye this day, rulers of men, whom you will serve. Your hypocrisy is not in pretending to be what you are not; but in *being* in the uttermost nature of you—Nothing—but dead bodies in coffins suspended between Heaven and Earth, God and Mammon.

If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. You would fain be respectful to Baal, keep smooth with Belial, dine with Moloch, sup, with golden spoon of sufficient length, with Beelzebub;—and kiss the Master to bid Him good-night: Nay, even my kind and honest friends make, all of them, answer to my message: ‘I have bought a piece of ground, and I must go and see it.—Suffer me first to bury my father.—I have married a wife—have not I to keep her and my children first of all? Behold, I cannot come.’

* Read the story of Henry II. in *Fors*, March, 1871.

So after this seventh year, I am going out into the highways and hedges : but now no more with expostulation. I have wearied myself in the fire enough ; and now, under the wild roses and traveller's joy of the lane hedges, will take what rest may be, in my pilgrimage.

I thought to have finished my blameful work before now, but Fors would not have it so ;—now, I am well convinced she will let me follow the peaceful way towards the pleasant hills. Henceforth, the main work of Fors will be constructive only ; and I shall allow in the text of it no syllable of complaint or scorn. When notable public abuses or sins are brought to my knowledge, I will bear witness against them simply, laying the evidence of them open in my Correspondence, but sifted before it is printed ; following up myself, the while, in plain directions, or happy studies, St. George's separate work, and lessoning.

Separate, I say once more, it must be ; and cannot become work at all until it is so. It is the work of a world-wide monastery ; protesting, by patient, not violent, deed, and fearless, yet henceforward unpassionate, word, against the evil of this our day, till in its heart and force it be ended.

Of which evil I here resume the entire assertion made in Fors, up to this time, in few words.

All social evils and religious errors arise out of the

pillage of the labourer by the idler : the idler leaving him only enough to live on (and even that miserably,*) and taking all the rest of the produce of his work to spend in his own luxury, or in the toys with which he beguiles his idleness.

And this is done, and has from time immemorial been done, in all so-called civilized, but in reality corrupted, countries,—first by the landlords ; then, under their direction, by the three chief so-called gentlemanly ‘professions,’ of soldier, lawyer, and priest ; and, lastly, by the merchant and usurer. The landlord pillages by direct force, seizing the land, and saying to the labourer, You shall not live on this earth, but shall here die, unless you give me all the fruit of your labour but your bare living :—the soldier pillages by persuading the peasantry to fight, and then getting himself paid for skill in leading them to death :—the lawyer pillages by prolonging their personal quarrels with marketable ingenuity ; and the priest by selling the Gospel, and getting paid for theatrical displays of it.† All this has to cease, inevitably and totally : Peace, Justice, and the Word of God must be *given* to the people, not sold. And these *can* only be given by a true Hierarchy and Royalty, beginning at the throne

* “Maintain him—yes—but how?”—question asked of me by a working girl, long ago.

† Compare ‘Unto this Last,’ p. 31. The three professions said there to be ‘necessary’ are the pastor’s, physician’s, and merchant’s. The ‘pastor’ is the Giver of Meat, whose office I now explain in its fulness.

of God, and descending, by sacred stair let down from heaven, to bless and keep all the Holy creatures of God, man and beast, and to condemn and destroy the unholy. And in this Hierarchy and Royalty all the servants of God have part, being made priests and kings to Him, that they may feed His people with food of angels and food of men; teaching the word of God with power, and breaking and pouring the Sacrament of Bread and Wine from house to house, in remembrance of Christ, and in gladness and singleness of heart; the priest's function at the altar and in the tabernacle, at one end of the village, being only holy in the fulfilment of the deacon's function at the table and in the taberna, at the other.

And so, out of the true earthly kingdom, in fulness of time, shall come the heavenly kingdom, when the tabernacle of God shall be with men; no priest needed more for ministry, because all the earth will be Temple; nor bread nor wine needed more for mortal food, or fading memory, but the water of life given to him that is athirst, and the fruits of the trees of healing.

Into which kingdom that we may enter, let us read now the last words of the King when He left us for His Bridal, in which is the direct and practical warning of which the parable of the Servant was the shadow.

It was given, as you know, to Seven Churches, that live no more,—they having refused the word of His

lips, and been consumed by the sword of His lips. Yet to all men the command remains—He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

They lie along the hills, and across the plain, of Lydia, sweeping in one wide curve like a flight of birds or a swirl of cloud—(if you draw them by themselves on the map you will see)—all of them either in Lydia itself, or on the frontier of it: in nature, Lydian all—richest in gold, delicatest in luxury, softest in music, tenderest in art, of the then world. They unite the capacities and felicities of the Asiatic and the Greek: had the last message of Christ been given to the Churches in Greece, it would have been to Europe in imperfect age; if to the Churches in Syria, to Asia in imperfect age:—written to Lydia, it is written to the world, and for ever.

It is written ‘to the Angels of the Seven Churches.’ I have told you what ‘angels’ meant to the Heathen. What do you, a Christian, mean by them? What is meant by them here?

Commonly, the word is interpreted of the Bishops of these Churches; and since, in every living Church, its Bishop, if it have any, must speak with the spirit and in the authority of its angel, there is indeed a lower and literal sense in which the interpretation is true; (thus I have called the Archbishop of Canterbury an angel in *Fors* of October, 1876, p. 323;) but, in the

higher and absolutely true sense, each several charge is here given to the Guardian Spirit of each several Church, the one appointed of Heaven to guide it. Compare 'Bibliotheca Pastorum,' vol. i., Preface, pp. xii to xv, closing with the words of Plato which I repeat here: "For such cities as no angel, but only a mortal, governs, there is no possible avoidance of evil and pain."

Modern Christians, in the beautiful simplicity of their selfishness, think—every mother of them—that it is quite natural and likely that their own baby should have an angel to take care of it, all to itself: but they cannot fancy such a thing as that an angel should take the liberty of interfering with the actions of a grown-up person,—how much less that one should meddle or make with a society of grown-up persons, or be present, and make any tacit suggestions, in a parliamentary debate. But the address here to the angel of the capital city, Sardis, marks the sense clearly: "These things saith He which hath the Seven Stars in His right hand, *and*" (that is to say) "the Seven Spirits of God."

And the charge is from the Spirit of God to each of these seven angels, reigning over and in the hearts of the whole body of the believers in every Church; followed always by the dateless adjuration, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the *Spirit* saith unto the Churches."

The address to each consists of four parts :—

First. The assertion of some special attribute of the Lord of the Churches, in virtue of which, and respect to which, He specially addresses that particular body of believers.

Second. The laying bare of the Church's heart, as known to its Lord.

Third. The judgment on that state of the heart, and promise or threat of a future reward or punishment, assigned accordingly, in virtue of the Lord's special attribute, before alleged.

Fourth. The promise, also in virtue of such special attribute, to all Christians who overcome, as their Lord overcame, in the temptation with which the Church under judgment is contending.

That we may better understand this scheme, and its sequence, let us take first the four divisions of charge to the Churches in succession, and then read the charges in their detail.

I. EPHESUS.

The Attribute.—That holdeth the seven stars, and walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.

The Declaration.—Thou hast left thy first love.

The Judgment.—I will move thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.

The Promise.—(Always, 'to him that overcometh.')
I will give to eat of the tree of life.

II. SMYRNA.

The Attribute.—The First and the Last, which was dead, and is alive.

The Declaration.—I know thy sorrow,—and thy patience.

The Judgment.—Be thou faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

The Promise.—He shall not be hurt of the second death.

III. PERGAMOS.

The Attribute.—He which hath the sharp sword with two edges.

The Declaration.—Thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam.

The Judgment.—I will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.

The Promise.—I will give him to eat of the hidden manna.

IV. THYATIRA.

The Attribute.—That hath His eyes like a flame of fire.

The Declaration.—Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel.

The Judgment.—I will kill her children with death.

The Promise.—I will give him the morning star.

V. SARDIS.

The Attribute.—That hath the seven Spirits of God.

The Declaration.—Thou hast a few names, even in Sardis.

The Judgment.—They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.

The Promise.—I will confess his name before my Father and His angels.

VI. PHILADELPHIA.

The Attribute.—He that hath the key of David.

The Declaration.—I have set before thee an open door.

The Judgment.—I will keep thee from the hour of temptation.

The Promise.—He shall go out of my temple no more.

VII. LAODICEA.

The Attribute.—The Beginning of the Creation of God.

The Declaration.—Thou art poor and miserable.

The Judgment.—Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

The Promise.—I will grant him to sit with Me in My throne.

Let us now read the charges in their detail, that we may understand them as they are given to ourselves.

Observe, first, they all begin with the same words, "I know thy *works*."

Not even the maddest and blindest of Antinomian teachers could have eluded the weight of this fact, but that, in the following address to each Church, its 'work' is spoken of as the state of its heart.

Of which the interpretation is nevertheless quite simple; namely, that the thing looked at by God first, in every Christian man, is his work;—without that, there is no more talk or thought of him. "Cut him down—why cumbereth he the ground?" But, the work being shown, has next to be tested. In what spirit was this done,—in faith and charity, or in disobedient pride? "You have fed the poor? yes; but did you do it to get a commission on the dishes, or because you loved the poor? You lent to the poor,—was it in true faith that you lent to *me*, or to get money out of my poor by usury in defiance of me? You thought it a good work—did you? Had you never heard then—"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent"?

And now we take the separate charges, one by one, in their fulness:—

I. Ephesus.—The attribute is essentially the spiritual power of Christ, in His people,—the 'lamp' of the virgins, the 'light of the world' of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Declaration praises the intensity of this in the

Church, and—which is the notablest thing for *us* in the whole series of the charges—it asserts the burning of the Spirit of Christ in the Church to be especially shown because it “cannot bear them which are evil.” This fierceness against sin, which we are so proud of being well quit of, is the very life of a Church;—the toleration of sin is the dying of its lamp. How indeed should it shine before men, if it mixed itself in the soot and fog of sin?

So again, although the Spirit is beginning to burn dim, and thou hast left thy first love, yet, *this* ‘thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes.’ (See note below on Pergamos.)

The promise is of fullest life in the midst of the Paradise and garden of God. Compare all the prophetic descriptions of living persons, or states, as the trees in the garden of God; and the blessing of the first Psalm.

II. Smyrna.—The attribute is that of Christ’s endurance of death. The declaration, that the faithful Church is now dying, with Him, the noble death of the righteous, and shall live for evermore. The promise, that over those who so endure the slow pain of death in grief, for Christ’s sake, the second death hath no power.

III. Pergamos.—The attribute is of Christ the Judge, visiting for sin; the declaration, that the Church has in it the sin of the Nicolaitanes, or of Balaam,—using

its grace and inspiration to forward its worldly interest, and grieved at heart because it *has* the Holy Ghost;—the darkest of blasphemies. Against this, ‘Behold, I come quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.’

The promise, that he who has kept his lips from blasphemy shall eat of the hidden manna: the word, not the sword, of the lips of Christ. “How sweet is Thy word unto my lips.”

The metaphor of the stone, and the new name, I do not yet securely understand.

IV. Thyatira.—The attribute: “That hath his eyes like a flame of fire,” (searching the heart,) “his feet like fine brass,” (treading the earth, yet in purity, the type of all Christian practical life, unsoiled, whatever it treads on); but remember, lest you should think this in any wise opposed to the sense of the charge to Ephesus, that you may *tread* on foulness, yet remain undefiled; but not lie down in it and remain so.

The praise is for charity and active labour,—and the labour more than the charity.

The woman Jezebel, who calls herself a prophetess, is, I believe, the teacher of labour for lascivious purpose, beginning by the adornment of sacred things, not verily for the honour of God, but for our own delight, (as more or less in all modern Ritualism). It is of all manner of sins the most difficult to search out, and detect the absolute root or secret danger

of. It is the 'depth of Satan'—the most secret of his temptations, and the punishment of it, death in torture. For if our *charity* and *labour* are poisoned, what is there more to save us?

The reward of resistance is, to rule the nations with a rod of iron—(true work, against painted clay); and I will give him the morning star, (light of heaven, and morning-time for labour).

V. Sardis.—The attribute.—That hath the seven Spirits of God, and the seven stars.

Again, the Lord of Life itself—the Giver of the Holy Ghost. (Having said thus, he breathed on them.) He questions, not of the poison or misuse of life, but of its *existence*. Strengthen the things that are left—that are ready to *die*. The white raiment is the transfiguration of the earthly frame by the inner life, even to the robe of it, so as no fuller on earth can white them.

The judgment.—I will come unto thee as a thief, (in thy darkness, to take away even that thou hast).

The promise.—I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life.

VI. Philadelphia.—The attribute.—He that is holy (separate from sin)—He that is true (separate from falsehood)—that hath the key of David, (of the city of David which is Zion, renewed and pure; conf. verse 12); that openeth, and no man shutteth (by *me* if any man enter in); and shutteth, and no man

openeth,—(for without, are fornicators, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie).

The praise, for faithfulness with a little strength, as of a soldier holding a little fortress in the midst of assaulting armies. Therefore the blessing, after that captivity of the strait siege—the lifting up of the heads of the gates, and setting wide of the everlasting doors by the Lord, mighty in battle.

The promise: Him that overcometh will I make, not merely safe within my fortress temple, but a pillar of it—built on its rock, and bearing its vaults for ever.

VII. Laodicea. The attribute: the Faithful witness—the Word—the Beginning of Creation.

The sin, chaos of heart,—useless disorder of half-shaped life. Darkness on the face of the deep, and rejoicing in darkness,—as in these days of ours to the uttermost. Chaos in all things—dross for gold—slime for mortar—nakedness for glory—pathless morass for path—and the proud blind for guides.

The command, to try the gold, and purge the raiment, and anoint the eyes,—this order given as to the almost helpless—as men waked in the night, not girding their loins for journey, but in vague wonder at uncertain noise, who may turn again to their slumber, or, in wistful listening, hear the voice calling—‘Behold, I stand at the door!’

It is the last of the temptations, bringing back the

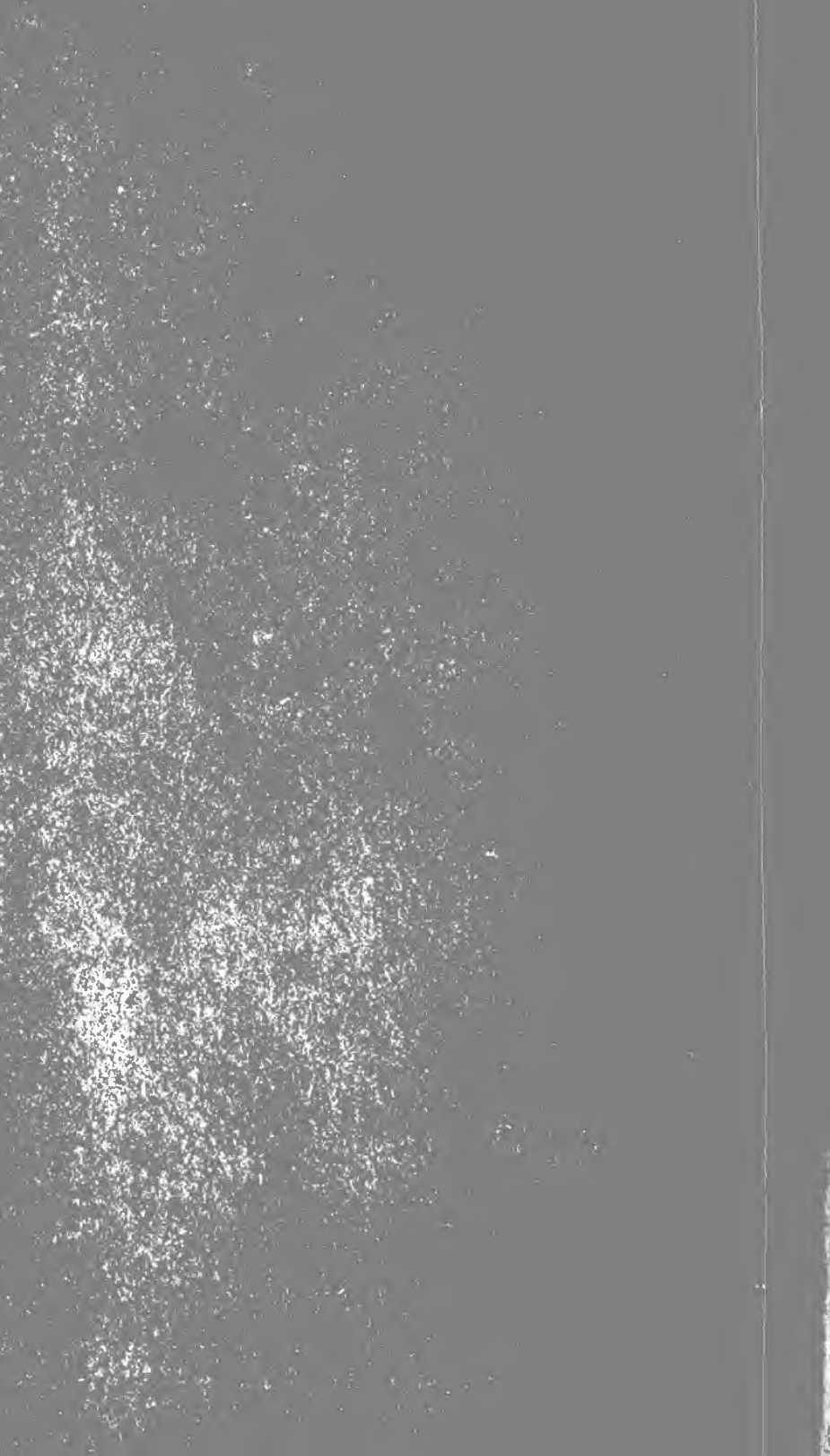
throne of Annihilation ; and the victory over it is the final victory, giving rule, with the Son of God, over the recreate and never to be dissolved order of the perfect earth.

In which there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, "for the former things are passed away."

"Now, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you, faultless, before the Presence of His glory with exceeding joy ;

"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

The first seven years' Letters of Fors Clavigera were ended in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 21st Nov., 1877.



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